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$100,000 DIAMOND ROBBERY

OR, THE GREAT BEACON STREET MYSTERY

By Scott Campbell

CHAPTER I.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

"Who the devil is she, do you know?" softly demanded Murdock, coming his neck to follow with admiring eyes the figure of a woman, who, with a queer air of distinction, was threading her way among the throng of guests in the brilliant room, and evidently seeking the vast drawing beyond.

"She seems a black" queried Percy Bascomb, smiling faintly and settling his immaculate collar a little lower in front.

"Who else, indeed?" Murdock muttered, as if, of all the brilliant women he had seen within his range of vision, the woman in black was alone worthy his special attention.

"Some relative of Vilmor, or friend, at least, I believe."

"I never saw a more striking face, and her figure—ha! what words could do it justice."

Bascomb laughed softly in a significant fashion.

"Pity you're married, Murdock," he said, dryly.

"Humph!"

And Kent Murdock tossed his head, vouchsafing no further reply, and his eyes fell down the hall to a position whence he could command the doorway through which the woman in black had disappeared.

Now he could see her standing at one of the rear windows, her dainty face handkerchief spread open against the pane, the light from which she presently removed it to press its chilled folds to her cheek and brow, as one suffering from fever or headache.

She was a woman under the rather over medium height, and of sugarily molded figure. Her complexion was dark, but clear, and pale, her hair coal, with fine, red fire, and penetrating black eyes, a face rather over of fearless and forcible nature, despite the outward show of mobile reserve, which was characterized her every movement.

Though her frame was unquestionably a form of plain black velvet, the somberness of which was in marked contrast with those about her, and which, perhaps, only lent to her handsome face the softness of its expression, she wore no jewels, and her sharply white hands were not even gloved—though all this Kent Murdock found her pre-eminently the most striking woman among the throng of the fashion, wealth and beauty which there had gathered to witness the wedding of Chauncey Vilmor and Amelia Lyons.

The place was Boston, the month January, the time evening. The clocks of the city were on the stroke of 8.

From basement to roof the imposing Beacon street residence of Palmer Joseph Lyons was a blaze of light. Out through the wide-flung doors of the broad front windows was shed an luminous glow. On the stone and twigs of the drooping woodbine, on iron and steps and sidewalk even, the particles of fall glittered and gleamed like diamonds in the frosty evening air. Under the glare of countless electrics, the recent fall of snow lay like a sparkling sheet of white over the neighborhoods and the distant sweep of famous Boston common. Over all the snow seemed wrapt the chaste mantle of midwinter.

But the heavens overhead were more murdark—there was not a star to relieve their lowering gloom.

"Fall back a little, please! Move on ahead your carriages!"

These commands, the more gently given perhaps, because of the nature of the occasion, were addressed by an officer to the gathering of curious people which thronged the sidewalk after the banker's residence, and at times threatened to encroach broadly the awning, even, which stretched from door to curbing.

The street itself presented a confusion of moving carriages, each halting only long enough to deposit its fashionable occupants, then continuing on through the frozen snow to make room for the next, or gliding softly away, and the renewed jingling of its sleigh-bells, a music as merry and cheerful as least as was the conversation within the hospitable dwelling.

"Heavens! what a crowd!" gussed Mrs. Clavmore de Mille of New York—a, at the close of Colonel Baker of Washington, as they stood in an alcove near the front window. "I didn't know half could fwill out such a banker's ancestors."

"Ah, Mrs. Lyons has certain unique ways, and entertains in splendid style," Will Hill, of the 3d, her prejudice.

"Indeed! he so talented and fascinating as I have heard?"

"More so, since he possesses qualities which cannot be fortably described. His superior as manliness don't come in shows."

"Indeed! and Amy's sake to hear it. Is he wealthy?"

"Very—half a million or so."

"That will insure her at least the necessities of life."

"Double, he has expectations," smiled the colonel.

"Humph! It's poor policy to figure on dead men's shoes," I thought, as the artless particularly young artists, were always poor in pocket."

"Ah! as a rule, there are exceptions."

"Ah!"

"The possession of a check book, however, has never dulled the edge of his artistic enthusiasm, and Vilmor, I believe, will is destined to become famous."

"So glad for Amy's sake—so very glad."

"Great charms for one of the light-fingered profession, but there were one present, Morris, unlikely unarmored as intellectual looking personage, and, therefore, addressing a friend whom he briefly joined in the hall.

"Hallow!" significantly returned the friend, an athletic man of 46, with piercing gray eyes and heavy, shaven face, "Have you looked over the display of gifts?"

"Yes—no—I don't mean it! Even I may be tempted."

"Nick to your pen, then, and don't yield to the temptation," he said, jestingly; then he added, aloud, "I've see a very valuable and unassuming man on there—and he will see you, anyway, along with all the others."

"Out of your subordinates, eh?"

"Ah! exception."

"Who are those two men?" queried Bascomb of Colonel Baker, curiously.

"The one in glasses is Clark Melville of the Globe. I thought everybody knew him. You don't recognize the other."

"The other, with the smooth face and restless gray eyes, was Inspector Morris of Pemberton avenue station. Rather large being of caution had been developed through experience. Yet scarce one among the three hundred guests that evening suspected the presence of secret service officers. Inspector Morris looked more like a clergyman by far.

"What an unusual hour for the ceremony," whimsied Miss Trim, squeezing herself among a group of marriageable girls in one corner, and angling for a semi-century of acquisition.

"Five o'clock?"

"Yes."

"It was Mr. Vilmor's wish, I understand."

"Ah, that explains it, perhaps. I presume it's an artist's prerogative to be odd. Aren't the flowers just lovely? And what a splendid crowd. Do you know what Amy is to wear?"

"A traveling costume by Redfern, I hear."

"No!"

"Yes, for a fact. They leave for New York at 10 p.m. you know."

"Dear me, I didn't know it. How unusual. A further oddity on the part of Mr. Vilmor, I imagine."

"Possibly. We know that Amy is never odd. Bless her dear, modest heart, how she dreaded this evening."

"Dreaded—humph! I wish I was in her shoes! Vilmor's an Apollo, and has money to burn, besides."

"How indiscreet, Elsie."

"True, nevertheless."

"You know Amy has not grown up to this sort of thing. She is only a niece to Mr. Lyons, and has lived in the country most of her life. Have you seen the presents?"

"Dear me, yes. I never saw such a sight. My poor, little tray, that I said fit for looks actually hurt," gussed Miss Trim, with pardonable pleasantry. "Hark! is that the wedding march?"

"No, dear; it's hardly 9 o'clock yet."

"Who is that dreadful woman in black, who is looking from—"

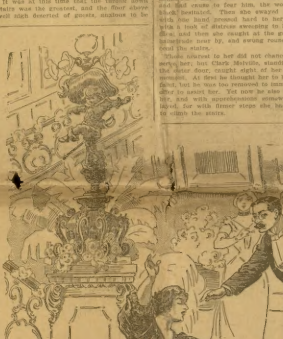
But her further remarks, as well as others which might perhaps have here been more or less pertinent to what was destined to follow, were lost in the more voluminous swell of the orchestral music.

It was at this time that the woman in black approached the rear window of the long drawing-room, and carelessly spread open the handkerchief against the pane.

It was at this time that Karl Murdock changed his position to observe her the better, and so indulge the impulse of his wakened admiration.

It was at this time that Inspector Morris and Clark Melville, the Globe reporter, met in the hall.

It was at this time that the throng down stairs was the greatest, and the floor above well nigh deserted of guests, studious to be



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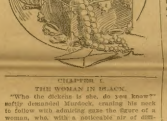

within observation of the approaching ceremony.

It was then that the city clocks were on the stroke of 8.

It was then Lyons, portly and dignified, descended the front stairs, and whispered a few words to the leader of the orchestra below.

"Hold the wedding march till about five minutes after 8, Mr. Bullock. My niece is not quite ready."

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

A single short, sharp whistle, sounding clear and shrill on the crisp night air.

It came from the window of a street urchin wise for its curiosity, its sharpness—since then it had been known as Tim the Spy.

Was the spreading of her handkerchief against the pane a signal from one of the Lyons' residence.

To and the ominous sound of voices within, in the notes of moving feet, the constant rustle of garments, and the strains of the orchestral music, it had reached the ears of only one person in all the gathered throng, a person whose ears had been strained to hear in the woman in black.

Against the rear window pane a signal only? Was that single, short, sharp whistle an answer from without?

For a moment she stood motionless, the chilled folds of the delicate lace pressed to her cheek and brow. Then she left the window and made her way back toward the hall.

Her face was pale, almost as white as the

fine pressed her chilled lace, and there was a fixedness in her eyes, set in seemingly ceaseless staring about her, which might be a suspicious observer have given the lie to the outward calmness and deliberation with which she moved.

She paused, briefly obliged by the press of people around him to obstruct her passage, drew back with an effort to give her room.

"Beg pardon," he said, softly, bowing in his formally courteous manner.

She replied only with a nod and smile, her lips relaxing, her eyes finally meeting his; and then she passed on, leaving him thrilled with wonder and delight by her rare grace and glance.

Though delayed by the press of people, she moved steadily, resolutely, down the hall; yet never once relaxed a sign of haste. Never once varied from her air of grave simplicity and dignity. Until another minute she had gained the foot of the broad flight of stairs leading to the floor above.

A gap in full evening dress was descending, outwardly a study of elegance and ease—the subordinate of whom Inspector Morris had spoken. He was the only person on the stairs, and seemed to be looking for somebody, but he was removed to immediately after to assist her. Yet now he was watched by her with apprehension somewhat allayed, for with firmer steps she had begun to climb the stairs.

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A signal only? Was that single, short, sharp whistle an answer from without?

For a moment she stood motionless, the chilled folds of the delicate lace pressed to her cheek and brow. Then she left the window and made her way back toward the hall.

Her face was pale, almost as white as the fine pressed the officer midway of the flight, and seemed utterly oblivious to his quick, but entranced glance. He thought he saw what pale, but, having undertaken a mission requiring haste, he did not pause to address her.

No sooner had she passed him, however, than she reeled again, catching her breath. Then she halted, feeling out to the wall, as the Globe reporter rang in thrilling accents of alarm through the house, and Inspector Morris pressed to her brow, her entire figure swaying from side to side—all the voices of the house with confusion, and the officer on the stairs, and the man below, and the

can probably explain. I'll call her at once."

"Do so."

"Amy is not in her chamber, Chauncey," now cried the latter's sister, one of the bridesmaids, who had anxiously drawn near.

"Not in her chamber!"

"No, I just came from there."

"Where is she, then?"

"I don't know. She left her room alone about five minutes ago, and said she would return presently. Hearing the screams, I ran out to learn their cause, and have not seen her since."

"See if you can find her."

The command came from Vilnor's lips in little more than a hoarse, agitated whisper. An expression of indescribable horror and alarm was settling on his bloodless face and he was stripping his gloves from his hands like one on the verge of madness.

Such scenes occur with far greater rapidity than can be described, and are invested with an interest and intensity not to be conveyed by words. Less than five minutes had elapsed since the woman in black had started to ascend the stairs, yet now the whole house was in a state of alarm, confusion and dismay.

Until now when Vilnor turned again to the inspector, the Globe reporter had not taken it upon himself to interfere or offer a suggestion. Now, however, he put in a remark of weight.

"If Miss Lyons was left in the room," he said, "very possibly she is still in there, and has locked the door herself."

"True!" exclaimed Vilnor, grasping at a straw; and springing to the door, he then beat sharply upon the panels, crying, loudly:

"Amy! Amy! Speak, if you are within! Amy! Amy! for God's sake, speak!"

The swelling vehemence with which the words were uttered betrayed the horrible apprehensions which were steadily gaining hold upon him. His voice rang through the hall and down the stairway, yet no answer from within the room came in response to his frenzied appeals.

The guests, awed and alarmed by the outcry, were beginning to throng up the stairs, among them Mr. Lyons, the uncle and foster father of the bride. From a farther end of the hall Vilnor's sister was now hurriedly returning, crying anxiously:

"She is not to be found, Chauncey. She is nowhere up here unless in that room! Stella Carleton saw her there not more than five minutes ago, and—"

"She is not there now."

The inspector, who had briefly delayed further action in the hope that the missing girl might put in an appearance and explain away the threatening circumstances, delayed no longer.

"Or if she is there," he cried sharply; "and if a robbery has been committed, God only knows in what condition we may find—"

"Oh, my God, murdered, perhaps!"

The interruption came like a cry of agony from the lips of the man who at that very moment should have been the husband of the missing girl.

He was a powerful man, tall and broad, with the bones and muscles of a trained athlete. As he spoke he fell back a step or two, his white face taking on a look of swift and ominous resolution, and slightly drawing up his sleeves, he cried, commandingly:

"Out of my way! Step one side, I say! The door must be forced!"

And before a word could be spoken to check him, before a hand could be outstretched to stay him, he had hurled himself with all his strength, the strength of a Hercules in that moment of his frenzy, against the closed portal.

The door, solid though it was, shivered under the tremendous blow, yet did not give way; and before the attempt could be repeated, the voice of Mr. Lyons sounded from the head of the near stairs:

"Hold, hold! What need of that, Chauncey? Pass through the adjoining room to the roof of the shed and enter through the window."

"True!" muttered Vilnor, hoarsely. "I had not thought of that. Come with me!"

And followed closely by Inspector Morris and the Globe reporter, and apparently oblivious to the affrighted faces of hostess and bridesmaids, who stood trembling near by, he hurriedly led the way to the adjoining room, a smaller rear chamber, and threw open the window.

The night view therefrom was extensive. In the far distance rose the roofs and spires of classic Cambridge, in dark and confused outline against the gloomy sky. Nearer and lower lay the Charles river, frozen in its bed, the sheet of gleaming dark ice partly covered by the recent fall of snow, and a broad, serpentine run, in its very center marking the flow of open water still unchecked by winter's chill embrace. Away off to the right gleamed the countless lights of Cambridge bridge, and beyond these uprose again the grim walls and roofs of the city proper.

But the nearer surroundings at present most concern us.

The Lyons residence was one of those Beacon street houses, the rear yards of which seem, from a distance, fairly to terminate in the Charles. This is not precisely the case, however. Between the high stone embankment of the river and the near fences of the houses referred to, there extends a long street or road with a sign at either terminus, bearing the familiar legend:

"Private Way. Dangerous Passing."

The rear architecture of the Lyons house was not much unlike many of the others. In a small area or yard, protected by a high wooden fence, rose the shed or L to which the banker had referred.

It was a single story structure of brick, and in this instance was chiefly used for a store room and laundry. From its rear elevation to the fence there extended a broad brick wall, capped with a flagstone somewhat lower than the roof of the shed, and which separated the yard from that adjoining.

In the yard and close again this wall was built a box-like affair of wood, some four or five feet high, in which were kept the barrels for depositing refuse and ashes. Thus, it will be seen, was provided comparatively easy access from the ground to the roof of the so-called shed.

And it was upon this roof, now white with snow, that the eyes of Chauncey Vilnor and Inspector Morris were simultaneously turned.

CAPTER IV.

ON HORROR'S HEAD.

Despite the general darkness of the night the snow-covered roof could be quite plainly seen in the light shed from the window of the chamber they were so desirous of gaining, and the inspector at once exclaimed:

"I am right; the house has been entered. There are footprints in the snow."

Without a word Vilnor sprang out upon the roof, some two feet below the level of the windows.

"Careful, careful!" cried the detective, as he followed. "Don't destroy those imprints. They may lead to a discovery of the guilty. Be careful, I say!"

But Chauncey Vilnor now had in mind only the personal safety of the woman he loved. At a bound he gained the window which gave him observation of the closed room. The window had been thrown wide open, and instantly a cry of relief broke from his lips.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

"For what?" drily demanded the detective.

"For this at least," cried Vilnor, fervently, "that I do not, as I so have dreaded, behold her lying injured, dead perhaps, on yonder floor."

"True enough," heartily exclaimed Morris, appreciating the other's intense anxiety. "Get in and open the door. Wait! Here is the imprint of a hand in the snow upon the capstone. One moment, please, lest you obliterate it. You do not know the value of such evidence as this."

As he spoke he forcibly restrained Vilnor from entering and bent to examine the impression which had caught his eye.

"It is near one end of the stone, you see; evidently where the hand was placed when the person sprang into the room. Being so at one side, it was not effaced when he departed."

"Good heavens, but what a hand!" gasped Vilnor, horrified and impatient.

"True; it looks as if made by the hand of a giant. Wait until I take its measure."

It was, indeed, a remarkable hand which had left such an impression, so broad as to appear deformed, with a stubby thumb and short, thick fingers, more like the hand of some species of the gorilla tribe than anything human.

It required but a moment for the inspector to take a rough measurement of it by contrast with his own, while Vilnor impatiently waited, sick with horror.

"My God!" he groaned, as Morris rose from the stone; "can it be that Amy has been abducted?"

"I cannot yet judge. You here can see where the light snow was swept from the stone, evidently by the skirt of a coat, or possibly a dress. Haste is imperative, but a careful examination of this evidence not less so. Get in, now, and open the door; but restrain the people in the hall from entering the room until after I have looked it over."

"I will do so," cried Vilnor, appreciating the awful necessity of the detective's caution.

"I will join you presently," added Morris, as the young man sprang into the room.

Instead of immediately following him the detective stepped to the edge of the roof. Two dark figures were discernible in the yard below.

"Is that you, Dalton?" he called sharply.

"Yes, sir, with Officer Carr," came up the answer.

"What do you find?"

"Not a thing in the way of evidence, sir, nor a sign of any person."

"Have you looked beyond the yard?"

"Yes, sir. We found the gate partly open, but there was not a human being in sight."

"Sight don't count for much on a night as dark as this. Did you come directly out here after calling Mr. Carr?"

"I did, sir."

"Morris—Mr. Morris," here Vilnor cried excitedly, appearing at the near window. "The room has been robbed. Silver, jewelry have been stolen, and diamonds to the value of $100,000. Miss Lyons cannot be found, and—"

"Good God, Inspector," wildly interrupted Mr. Lyons, over the young man's shoulder, "is it for this that you were employed to come here tonight?"

A rather resentful look rose to the grave face of the detective, and he retorted quite sharply:

"Since a crime has been committed despite me, I now find my time too valuable to listen to your censure or to formulate excuses. Be patient till I can join you. Mr. Carr!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Go as quickly as possible to headquarters and inform the chief that a robbery of silver and jewelry has here been committed. The loss approaches $100,000."

"Mostly in diamonds," supplemented Vilnor, waiting at the window.

"Mostly in diamonds," echoed the inspector. "State the circumstances as precisely as you are able, and say that I will bring further particulars as quickly as possible. Say also from me that the work was probably that of professionals, that the house was entered by a rear window about 9 o'clock, and that the criminals cannot yet have left the city. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go at once, then, and lose not a moment. Dalton!"

"Here, sir."

"Wait there in the yard until I come down. Detain any person who attempts to leave the house by the rear door."

"Yes, sir."

"Good heavens!" cried Vilnor, who still was listening. "You surely don't suspect this to have been the work of any person in this house?"

"I am not yet prepared to tell you what I suspect," bluntly replied the inspector.

He now left the edge of the low roof from which he had been directing the officers, and approached the window. Instead of immediately entering, however, he turned to Clark Melville, who now was looking from the window from which egress had been made, and bending toward him, said softly:

"Melville, I want you to do me a favor."

"Certainly," nodded the Globe reporter, with characteristic energy. "State it and consider it done."

"Thanks. You saw the woman who fainted on the stairs. I wish you to quietly look her up and see what she is doing. Keep a wary eye on her, and if she attempts to leave the house restrain her, by force if necessary, until I can find time to question her."

The reporter appreciated the value of time too keenly to delay. He paused only to ask softly, taking his cue from the subdued tone of the inspector:

"What if she has already gone?"

"If I am justified in my present suspicions, she has not ventured to do so," was the decided reply.

This step taken, Mr. Morris now sprang in at the window of the room in which the robbery had been committed.

It was a commodious chamber, from which the usual furnishings had been removed to make room for three large tables, on which since early evening had been displayed the wedding gifts. The appearance of the tables evinced the outrage which had been committed. Not an article of value and size to have been easily and quickly removed had been left behind by the miscreants.

"They worked with celerity," dryly remarked the inspector, taking in the scene at a glance. "Has Miss Lyons been found yet?"

"No, no, which is the worst of all," groaned Vilnor, in wild impatience and despair. "She is not in the house. It has been searched from attic to cellar. What has become of her, and what is to be done? My God! What is to be done?"

"Hope for the best until the worst is positively assured," was the philosophical rejoinder of Mr. Morris.

His every movement was being made with all the energy and dispatch consistent with the occasion. He now turned to Mr. Lyons, and with a glance at the throng of dismayed people in the hall, said pointedly:

"I think, sir, it will be best if you dismiss your guests at once. Under the circumstances, a wedding here tonight does not seem probable; and the crowd only hinders the investigation I deem it necessary to make. Will you do this, sir?"

"If you really desire it," answered Mr. Lyons, quite humbled by the other's late rebuff, and a conscious realization of his own inability to cope with the situation.

"I do desire it," said the inspector, and the banker immediately withdrew for the purpose.

"What next?" now cried Vilnor, whose anxiety and distress can hardly be imagined. "Cannot something be done to trace Miss Lyons? Her mysterious absence is the most terrible feature of all, and I shall go mad unless some steps are quickly taken to—"

"Come with me and we will see," interposed Morris, who, despite a certain manner of curtness, felt a profound sympathy for the suffering man. "Come this way, Mr. Vilnor."

He swung to the open window while speaking, and again sprang out upon the roof of the shed, Vilnor closely following. In the light snow which covered the roof and making from the window to a point where the brick wall joined the low structure, were the prints of several feet.

"We will examine these, which I noticed when out here before," said the detective. "They may reveal something of importance."

"There is a lantern in the house. It will aid us to—"

"I do not want it. If by any chance our movements are being watched by the criminals, it will aid them also. I can see the impressions plainly enough in the white snow. See, here is one—that of a foot which well corresponds with the hand before remarked. And here another, that of a man, also. There were surely two of them, one of them evidently a very large man. Ah! and now look here!"

"What now?" cried Vilnor, trembling like a leaf.

"Here is an impression never made by a man's shoe. Note how long and slender. And here is where a woman's skirts evidently swept the surface of the snow, which luckily is light instead of soggy."

"Oh, my God! Can they have forced her to go with them?"

"Possibly so, yet I incline to believe that—ah! here is a scrap of paper. No, a letter!"

"A letter!"

"Evidently. Come to the window where we may examine it."

And the inspector, with what appeared to be a crumpled envelope in his hand, ran to avail himself of the light in the room. As he smoothed the paper Vilnor caught sight of the superscription.

"Amy's hand," he instantly cried, in wild excitement. "Oh, my God! to whom is it addressed?"

"To Mr. G. Prague. That is all."

"No address?"

"None!"

"Prague—Prague! I know of no such person," cried Vilnor, wildly. "Tear it open. See what it contains."

But the envelope was not sealed, and the inspector quickly drew forth the written sheet. It contained only a few lines, as follows:

"Mr. Prague—I agree to your proposal. Anything is preferable to bloodshed. I shall reply upon your word alone as regards the future. Come to me at once.

AMY LYONS."

"Proposal—bloodshed!" gasped the astounded bridegroom, when the detective had read aloud the brief missive. "Merciful heavens, what can this mean?"

"It means that beneath the surface there is something of which you are ignorant," returned the inspector with rather grim dryness. "Do you recognize the writing to be that of Miss Lyons?"

"There can be no doubt of it," said Vilnor, in dismay.

"Yet you know of no such person as Mr. G. Prague?"

"I never heard of him."

"Humph! Evidently the note was never sent to Mr. Prague, but was dropped by Miss Lyons herself, or else, having been sent and received, it was accidentally dropped by the man Prague. If the latter hypothesis is the correct one, Prague is evidently established as the perpetrator of tonight's outrage."

"Undoubtedly. But I cannot imagine how or why Amy—"

"Wait," interrupted the detective, thrusting the note into his pocket. "Before we inquire into this, let us learn if possible in what direction the footprints tend. It will take but a few moments."

While speaking he again hastened to the edge of the roof, and examined the flagstone which capped the brick wall referred to. From the nearer part of this the snow was almost entirely swept away.

"This is certainly the way by which the intruders came and went," said he. "From here to the wall, thence to the top of the wooden affair, and then to the ground. The place seems to have been arranged expressly for their convenience. Follow me a little further."

"But could a woman, such a woman as Amy Lyons have availed herself of such means as these?"

"Why not? A child could have made the descent. Surely, then, a woman actuated by some grave incentive," replied the detective, as he sprang down to the ground, followed by Vilnor.

"But what possible incentive—"

"That remains to be discovered," interrupted Mr. Morris, examining the snow as far as the open gate. "You say, Dalton, that you found this gate open when you reached here?"

"Yes, sir, just as you see it," replied the officer, by whom they were now joined.

"Yet you saw nobody?"

"Not a soul, sir."

"Nor heard any sounds suggesting a hurried departure?"

"Not a sound, sir."

The detective looked annoyed. The snow in the yard, as well as in the road to which he had led the way, was much disturbed and trampled, and disclosed nothing to the purpose. Yet the indefatigable detective went further, and met his reward. On the opposite side of the way, and close upon the walled embankment of the Charles, the footsteps in the snow were again discernible.

"Aha," he cried exultantly, when at length they repaid his searching gaze. "Here we find them again. Here are those of the Hercules and his confederate. And here that of the woman also. She certainly departed in company with them, and very evidently was walking, which would seem to negative the theory of coercion."

Vilnor, with hands pressed to his throbbing head, groaned aloud.

"I don't understand it—I can't understand it," he cried, with a painful mingling of despair and distress. "It is alien to Amy's every characteristic. My God, what am I to do? What course pursue?"

"See here," cried Dalton, who had clambered down the low wall to the frozen surface of the river. "The footprints are here, Mr. Morris, all three of them. The entire party must have crossed the river to the Cambridge shore."

"Impossible!" answered the inspector, hastening to join him. "The middle of the river is clear of ice. They could not have walked upon water."

"True enough, sir; yet they departed towards the break in the ice, as you both can see for yourselves."

This also was true. Straight out from the wall, for a distance of about thirty feet, the ice was thinly covered by the fall of snow. Beyond this, it evidently had been blown shoreward, leaving only the dark stretch of ice for some twenty yards, to where the free waters of the river rolled ominous and black.

To the very edge of the snow, the three men traced the telltale footprints; and there, to their augmented horror, they discovered evidence more than ever appalling—the evidence of a struggle. The impressions were hopelessly intermingled and confused, and the light snow scattered as if by a conflict.

The same thought seemed to strike the three men simultaneously; and a cry, most like a cry of mingled agony and desperation, broke from Vilnor's lips.

"What's this, what's this? Merciful God, has murder been added to robbery? Was she brought here only to be—"

The detective sprang forward, laid a hand on the speaker's shoulder. The awful appearance of the man alarmed him.

"Hush! hush!" he cried, disapprovingly. "do not yield to despair. Hope for the best, I repeat, till the worst is positively assured. Don't forget that you are a man. But two words should be yours at a time like this. If wrong has been done Amy Lyons, if she still is in the power of the miscreants who have perpetrated this night's work, let the word be rescue. But if, as your face declares you fear, yonder black waters are flowing above her, then—revenge!"

Vilnor, as white as the snow at his feet, started at the speaker like a man petrified. For a moment he did not speak, did not move. Then he said slowly, with a voice that was thrice terrible because of its sudden calmness:

"You are right—revenge! Let us return to the house."

And he led the way without another word.

(To be continued next week.)

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Sounds Like Swearing.

The man says the verb "to jell" is a good old expression and worthy of more countenance than it receives. The woman doesn't like it. She says so whenever the season comes around to jelly-making time. She always says it in the same way. "Does it jell?" asks the man as the critical moment in jelly making arrives. "Why," asks the woman; diverted from her more important work to the consideration of English, "why should I say that my jelly does or does not jell, any more than I should say that my custard does not cuss?" And then it sounds so much like a swear word that the man smiles wisely to himself and the discussion ends.—New York Times.

New Surprises.

The Chicago Saturday Blade is planning new surprises for its readers. It is now buying unique photographs of strange animals and strange things. It has already a large assortment on hand from all parts of the country, which will be printed in the near future. The Blade costs five cents and can be procured from the Ledger agent.

Senator W. E. Mason of Illinois "punches the bag" for exercise, and, incidentally, to keep down the too abundant flesh which continually grows on him.

CUPID IN DISGUISE.

Sweet Cupid sat on a mossy bank
With a tear in his round blue eye,
His wings were draggled with silver dew,
And his quiver and bow flung by.
The butterflies came from the garden near
And perched on his dimpled toes,
And a honeybee sipped at his crimson lip
And thought it an opening rose.

"Not an arrow went to its mark today,
I wasted them all," he sighed.
"My wings and my curls too well they know,
So the men and the maidens hide.
My mother must clip my pinions close,
And must braid my locks of gold,
And I'll borrow the frock of a damsel fair
My roseate limbs to fold."

So now no more in the flowery field
Or the wood where the thrushes sing
Do we hear the patter of naked feet
Or the sweep of an airy wing.
He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl,
And her hat with its drooping plume
And a cluster of velvety violets blue
From his breast to shed perfume.

He has donned her veil with its broidered edge,
And her gloves of the palest gray,
And hides his bow in her fluffy fan
Before he goes out to slay.
He has clipped his wings and braided his curls,
But beware of his roguish eyes,
For sly little Cupid is still the same
In spite of his new disguise.
—Penny Magazine.

UNCLE SAM'S POWDER.

How Our Big Guns Are Loaded and Fired A Ton at a Time.

If one follows the road that leads from the town of Dover, New Jersey, up among the craggy and rock-seamed hills of Marsh county, he is surprised on approaching what seems to be the summit of this desolate assemblage to find himself confronted by a heavy gate bearing the legend, "U. S. Naval Powder Magazine—No Smoking." From the top of the hill floats the stars and stripes, and below its frowning crest clusters a group of long, low, yellow brick buildings, within whose walls is concentrated a force mighty enough to shake even those "eternal hills" to their foundations. For miles on either side, taking in the double line of lofty hills and the valley that lies between, stretches the government preserve, without a sign of life to disturb the solemn grandeur of the solitude save where the bright-hued banner floats above the little group of buildings in the heart of the wilderness.

Though much has been written about the navy and naval service of the United States within the past few months, the manner in which the new navy is supplied with powder seems to have escaped attention.

TONS OF POWDER FOR A SINGLE ROUND.

It is an important subject, too, as a brief calculation will enable the reader to determine to his own satisfaction. The battleships Indiana and Oregon, the most powerful in the navy, carry four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, and four 6-inch guns. To fire a single charge from one of the 13-inch guns requires 550 pounds of powder, not counting that contained in the shell itself to explode it. Accordingly, every time the four chief guns in the Indiana's armament speak together more than a ton of powder is turned into nothingness.

THE GREAT POWDER MONOPOLY.

The powder industry of this country, so far as supplying the government is concerned, is practically all in the hands of one concern, the DuPonts. Their principal establishment is in Wilmington, Delaware, and they have half a dozen branches in other parts of the country. Their dominance, however, comes as much from the control of secret processes which have been handed down [illegible] for three generations, as it does on the extent of their business.

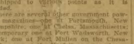
They control the manufacture of brown prismatic powder in this country, and are beginning to make the smokeless. These two kinds are the only ones used in guns of the most recent make.

THE GREAT STOREHOUSE.

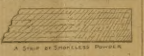
The Dover magazine has been in existence for six or seven years. Its present location was selected partly because the government already owned the land and could not put it to any other profitable use, but chiefly because of its isolation. Nothing is more detrimental to the successful operation of a powder depot than too many neighbors, and it is practically certain that this region will never be built up.

At the magazine, which, by the way, is made up of a number of small magazines scattered along the hillside a little distance apart, the powder is unloaded and the cases carefully overhauled and inspected to see that their contents have escaped injury. Then they are stored away again in the numbered cases, 500 pounds in a case. In time the government will have a great plant for mounting ammunition in connection with this station, but at present the powder is simply stored here and re-shipped to various points as it is needed.

There are several other government powder magazines—one at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; one at Chelsa, Massachusetts; a temporary one at Fort Wadsworth, New York; one at Fort Mullen on the Chesapeake; one at the Norfolk navy yard; one (practically abandoned now) at Pensacola, Florida; and one at Mare Island, California.



A STRIP OF SMOKELESS POWDER



GRAINS OF OLD POWDER ACTUAL SIZE. A GRAIN OF NEW POWDER.

It is doubtful, however, if all the others together contain as much powder as the Dover magazine, where 1,000,000 pounds are regularly stored, and where, in time, much more will be kept. The staff that guards the great store is a very small one. It consists of gunner Cornelius Duggan and half a dozen men. Their little houses are very comfortable, but for all that life is mighty dreary in this winter weather among the lonely hills.

Powder is shipped from the Dover station to Norfolk and to California, but the next stage in the career of the hexagonal blocks is likely to be Fort Wadsworth, in New York harbor, where most of the ammunition for the present needs of the naval service is prepared.

PREPARING THE CHARGE FOR THE GUN.

Don't imagine that it is an easy matter to prepare the charge for a big gun, or that the powder is poured in hap-hazard as you used to do when you went squirrel hunting with your father's old musket. On the contrary, the loading of the charge is a task requiring the greatest nicety and care. For the smaller calibers a wooden frame containing a number of upright wires on which the powder is strung are used; for the bigger guns a form is provided to hold it. The powder is then put in by dropping the hexagon over the wires, or laying them carefully in the form, first a tier of the black powder and then many more of the brown. When the column has been built up to the proper height, which for the large guns requires some 600 of the largest hexagons shown in the illustration, a cloth bag of exact width to fit, is drawn over the top. Then the column is turned upside down, the wires are drawn out or the form removed and the top of the stout bag is tied up. Next it is taken to where the cartridge shells are standing, the bag is dropped in and a small piece of wadding placed on top of it.

The bag of powder in its metal case travels next to the place where the loaded shell, the actual death-dealing portion of the charge, awaits it. The case of the shell is made large enough to just lap over the powder case and is forced down on the latter by means of a screw so tightly that nothing but the power that lies behind it can drive it off. Then the mounted shell is slipped into a form of the exact size of the gun for which it is intended, to make sure that it is a perfect fit and will not stick at the critical moment.

When the charge is fused and ready for the gun it is placed in a rectangular wooden box of the exact size to fit it and is ready for shipment. The old ammunition cases were square wooden boxes, but they were not waterproof and have been superseded by the rectangular boxes and cylindrical steel cases, into which it is impossible for air or water to penetrate. Another advantage of this new form for storage is that the powder, being protected from moisture, will keep for any length of time.

For the small bore, rapid fire guns, smokeless powder is used almost wholly at present, and it comes in strips or tubes as shown in the accompanying cut, and these are tied together into a bundle in preparing the charge, much as one would tie a bundle of kindling wood.

FROM MAGAZINE TO SHIPBOARD.

From the supply depot the ammunition, packed away in the cases, is sent to the vessels, on order of the navy department, as it happens to be needed. In time of peace the ships of our navy are required to carry 100 rounds for each gun. That means for a cruiser of the Indiana's class something over 300,000 pounds of powder and a total ammunition load of some 250 tons in all.

SAFE FROM FIRE AND WATER.

This is stowed away in the magazines built below decks in the ship, and is so carefully protected that even if fire were to start among the powder cases there would be no serious danger to the vessel. It is impossible for fire to get at the powder, and the magazine can be automatically flooded until every spark is quenched. Then the water can be drawn off, leaving the ammunition uninjured.

POWDER OF THE FUTURE WILL ALL BE SMOKELESS.

Heretofore the smokeless powder has been largely in the experimental stage, and has not been used for guns of greater than a six-inch bore. It has all been manufactured by the government, too, at the naval station near Narragansett. Now the Duponts and other private manufacturers are beginning to make the smokeless powder, and its use will shortly be extended to the larger guns.

It is interesting to discover among the stocks of powder of modern date and shape some small black cubes and squares. This is the powder of the civil war, now obsolete, but a supply of it is still kept on hand in view of the possibility that if pushed to an extremity the government might wish to rehabilitate some of the old moniters with their smooth bore armament and in that case would need a stock of the old-fashioned powder. "All things are possible," says the old proverb, "and the wise man keeps in view all possibilities," so the wisdom of this course can scarcely be impeached.

PALATIAL PRIVATE CARS.

They Promise to Become as Common as Their Railroad Prototypes—One Specimen Already in Use.

A recent and novel development of the private railroad car is the private street car.

On all great railroad systems the road dignitaries and high officials have special rolling palaces allotted to them, each one costing from $15,000 to $18,000. This luxurious example is now beginning to be followed by the street railways, and a special street car has just been built for the service of a Cleveland, Ohio, line magnate. The costly vehicle is ornamented with precious woods, and set with decorative panels by one of the noted painters of the day. The innovation is surely indicative of the sybaritic trend of the times. The car in question runs on the street car lines of Cleveland, Ohio, and belongs to Mr. John J. Shipherd, a millionaire resident of that city, who is identified with many of Cleveland's railway interests. The car was built especially for Mr. Shipherd and is probably the finest of its kind in service anywhere. While much less than half the size of a Pullman, it cost about one-half as much, or $6,000, and is decorated in a manner not yet attempted in any of the more pretentious carriages in the service of the great railways. The excuse for its existence is quite sufficient, as the street railroads of Cleveland are many miles in length, and no better way could be found to entertain friends and distinguished visitors than an afternoon of travel under such conditions.

The name of this car is Minerva, and its chief feature is a series of decorative panels for the ceiling, done by George R. Barre, Jr., of New York, representing incidents from the life of Minerva or the Hellenic Athena.

The exterior of this luxurious traveling carriage is painted a deep quaker green, the roof and truck being a lighter shade of the same color. The more general and delicate ornamentation is all in gold leaf. The platforms are of the vestibuled type, finished to a graceful, oval shape and have a step on one side only.

The interior of the car is finished in finely figured Mexican frontier mahogany rubbed to a dull finish, and the vestibules in polished cherry. All the metal trimmings are of polished bronze, and the panels between the windows contain a bevel-edge mirror. The ceiling, in which Mr. Barre's panels are set, is painted with zinc white, with a faint tint of green.

To enhance the richness of the mahogany, wilton carpet and portierre curtains of silk tapestry, with a gold figure, have been used. The roll of shades are of plain ribbed silk, which are in turn supplemented by a set of storm curtains of weather-proof material, which are rolled up out of sight when not in use, and are intended for summer, to exclude rain when the sash is out. Instead of the customary stationary seats the car is supplied with ten easy chairs of shellacked rattan, with plush-covered hair cushions, and two two-seated settees for the opposite corners. The room is heated by electric heaters set back of the panel work, under the windows, and a powerful electric headlight is provided at each end.

There have been many attempts to build fine private cars of this character, but usually more zeal than judgment has been exercised and the result has been mere gaudy ostentation and a display of money, inconsistent with harmony and good taste. In this instance the car is deemed a model of tasteful decoration and one of the wonders of the city of Cleveland.

A Hero in the Tantrums.

There are several ways of failing in public life. There is the brave man, whom Pope describes as "greatly falling with a fallen state;" there is the ill-starred person in "Hudibras," who tells us that "he that is down can fall no lower." Prince Bismarck seems to be of the latter opinion, if a man in his present state of mind can be said to have any opinion. He appears to have forgotten that with the loss of the chancellorship he only forfeited a very small portion of his title to public esteem or of his claim to historical laudation. His duty as trustee of his own great past is thrown to the winds in one great wrathful attempt to correct the "cussedness of things" in general and of the emperor in particular. It is an inexpressibly sad sight to see a great personage, already historical, almost legendary, devoting the closing years of his life to the shipwreck of his reputation. If any of the ex-chancellor's friends can still obtain a hearing with him they should use every effort to induce him to return to a more sober and worthier frame of mind. If Bismarck is no longer chancellor he is a national hero, but this role cannot be sustained except with reposeful dignity. A national hero in the tantrums is an impossibility; a national hero who scolds like a fish-wife, and who blurts out secrets like a splenetic school girl, is a contradiction in terms. Prince Bismarck was at one time regarded as a type of manliness; but his present behavior would seem to show either that he is now verging on senile decay, or that he never really possessed the virile qualities which enabled him the name of the "Man of Iron."

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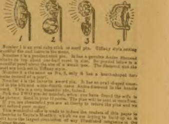

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SHREWSBURY

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

[Illustration]

"Shrewsbury" was begun in No. 1. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by sending to the Chicago office. Price five cents.

SYNOPSIS.

[Richard Penderel, the private usher in a boys' school at Eglesbury, desperately in love with a beautiful servant girl. On the evening of the Duke of York's departure he sends Richard to accompany her to the house of Lord Lovel, a Roman Catholic. At the same time they lose sight of Dick, which belonged to the master of the house, and which contained a list of Protestant landed gentlemen. On the traveler's room, Jessie sings guitar, and gives them a few moments' pleasure while their escape, the girls rush off with the dog, and the men are left together. Lovel, having to go at once, leaves Richard in charge of his house and family. Richard, who is an accomplished swordsman, and a young nobleman, Lord Shrewsbury, who is also in love with Jessie, fight a duel in the garden, which is interrupted by a stone cage. He reaches London, and secures a position as private secretary to Sir Leoline Fergusson, a Roman Catholic conspirator and comes under his power.

The man was so much in love with cruelty that even when he had gained his point he could not bear to give us the pleasure of torturing us, and for half an hour he continued to flaunt and jeer at me. At last, relaxing, and after many warnings of what would happen to me if I informed, he took himself off, and I heard him go into the opposite rooms and slam the door.

Reflecting that I could expect no help from him, but had little to fear from the government of Lord my late friendly, I determined at all risks to go to the secretary. I would gladly have done so the moment I rose, the thought that at any moment he might burst in upon me keeping me in a cold sweat, but I was prudent enough not to alter my habits of indulgence by a second the hour at which it was my custom to descend. I waited, then, the interruption until half-past seven, when with a quaking heart I bid a short made up, I ventured down to the street.

Mr. Bourne had a quarter of an hour to fag with the government, and on one occasion, being ill, had made me his substitute in the secretary's. I knew the place, therefore, how to find him gone way to the door when I saw the crowd of door-keepers, spies, flatterers, and footmen all hanging about the door of the office, and took curious care to impress me with its import. My heart began to fail me at the sight, and I was already more than half inclined to go away, my business undone, when a messenger from the office ran out, and, catching sight of me, beckoned to me. Then, with a gentle, scared face, and a handkerchief nearly thrown over her head, handed a note to me.

"For you, sir."

"Yes," she said, without more.

I took it and broke the seal, my hand shaking, but when I read the contents, which were in the secretary's own hand, I was astonished to find my fears allayed. "Sir," it ran, "I have no intention to hold you responsible for the unfortunate occurrence which has happened in your absence. I am aware that you have been misled by some designing person, and that you are not to blame. Be pleased, therefore, to call upon me at my house before I shall have any step taken against you. I am, sir, your humble servant, Leoline Fergusson."

Still what I held was but a piece of paper bearing a message from a man I suspected who dared not show his face where I stood. A word to the doorkeeper and I might even now go in and lay my information; but the man's assurance and the fact that he had not left me under bonds or arrest, and that wherever I did or wherever I kept he would know and be aware of my every act and gait by my information nothing, but the shame of a guilt I had not incurred from the door. Then, seeing that the girl waited: "Tell your master," I said, beginning to tremble.

"I think you had better," said she, flushing red after a moment's thought, I asked her where he was.

"I am not to tell you," she answered. "You can come with me if you please."

"Is it far?" I asked, I thought of the time about the office, then turned, and walked quickly with her down the street, me that we were near Bride lane, and I cried: "Not in my room?"

"Yes," she said, gravely, and without explanation. "If you please, sir, you will find him there." And without more I entered the house, and, as the girl preceded herself in the mouth of a door by Green's Inn, led me up a dark stair. When I entered I found him sitting on my table swinging his legs and humming an air, and with as devilish a look of malice and cunning on his face as sent my heart into my boots. Notwithstanding, I was in such a fine humor not to speak to me but to bow as I entered, and keep my eyes on the floor, and keep me as I did, and this he maintained until he had finished his tune.

[Illustration]

SUDDENLY SEIZING MY EAR IN HIS GREASY HAND AND TWISTING IT UNTIL I ROARED.

When still a girl is asked after his friend will say:

"Why is Tramhal you see, or the new duke?" said he, and when I did not answer he roared out an oath, and snatching up the pistol which lay on the table beside him, fired it at me. "Answer will you? Do you think that I am to speak twice in vain, unconvinced dirt as you? Where did you go?"

I was still stammered, trembling.

"And you?" he cried. "And why did not you swoon at first?"

"I put your note," I said.

"Oh, you got my note," he whispered, dropping his voice and mocking my alarm. "Your trembling got my note, did you? If you had not got my note you would have been informed, would you? You would have informed, and sent me to the gallows, would you? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," I cried, to an agony of terror, for he was bringing the pistol nearer and nearer to my face while his fingers toyed with the trigger, and at any moment I thought he might pull it too abruptly.

"So! And you tell me this to my face, you do? In such a manner as this! And you are lucky that I held up my hand when I did, for I was on the point of firing. Now, I tell you, you may not wish to say your name aloud, but I will have it from you, or I will put a ball into those fat cheeks of yours. Do you hear me? Speak, you dog, or I will shoot you. Speak, I say, or I will shoot you. For the last time, come out with it!"

I went nearer.

"Sir," I said, I would like to see you in the light. It would not need the turn of a screw to make you out, if you will let me, but, be continued, suddenly seizing my ear in his great hand and lifting it roughly I screamed, "In a boot of some kind or other, I think, sir. Yes, sir, I think so. Do you understand, sir? Do you understand? Let me go, sir, I beg of you."

"Yes," I cried. "Yes, you!" He had forced me to my knees and brought his face down close to mine.

"Very well. Then get up—if you have understanding enough for that—and be thankful that I wish you no harm. Be thankful that I am not going to kill you, for I could most somewhere, say at——"

"Yes," I said, "yes, you!" He handkerchief cried, and this time almost eagerly.

"Yes, I could most somewhere, and I am sent you will say no much, if you have the wit to understand. Now, then, what is your name? Speak, you dog, and be quick and in no manner of a lord, I'll be sworn, you."

"From R. P.?"

"Yes, and therefore, if he is the person you think him—but, come, sir," he continued, with a sigh, "I am not to be named. And that——"

"I am glad to tell him, yet bled him before. And I, sir," I stammered. "Yes, the moment said Charles Taylor, that be-ing the name of the man to whom I owe me.

"A rather man struck one hand into the other. "There! Charles!" he cried, and then, "Oh, you are Charles Taylor, are you? Come, sir, if you are a man——"

"Sir, sir, I pray be quiet," the man with the pistol interposed. "We will see if you are so certain—" and then he looked at me, and frowned as if he found me a fact doubt—"stop this way and tell me what you have to say." He dismissed the doubtless excuse up and wait a moment, and I, for my part, was very glad to do so.

"I was as uneasy and as unwilling to bring a name into the affair as you can be, sir," I said, "but as he was not a man to cross, so, with an ill grace, I consented, and the two, drawing aside together into the window, entered under the man's advantage to confer.

I was much pleased with watching on that side, and, as I have said, I thought that I had got from him information, that it was with Lord Lovel that I had to do, and my friends had grown in the course of their conversation to be Lord Lovel's friends. I discovered this before the newcomer left the room, and I was pleased with it, for I said to myself, "Oh, ah," he said, carelessly, "and what is your name, sir? I am Mr. Fergusson's secretary, you know. The gentleman will be glad to speak to you, and mind you, you will do well to tell the truth."

But at that the gentleman on him short and, turning to me, he said: "Your name, sir, if you please. I am sorry that I am bound to ask. Then I saw that he was the gentleman who lived in the house in Covent Garden, and the one who had discovered me in the act of cutting and smelling, "and give our friend here a wrong impression of my character."

But it was Ferguson's turn to take him aside, and I saw that he was telling him that I was the son of a Protestant gentleman. "No more Taylor than I am Habercrombie!" I heard him say.

"Is whatever he please," the stranger said, "but I am sorry that I am bound to ask it for my sake to know it. Such things are necessary, and I am sorry. I am sorry, perhaps you can help me, sir," he added, turning to me, "and I can come to ask him, and the further for the name of Charles Taylor, both of which are in your power."

My heart was very sore about me, and I was very sore about me, and the further for the name of Charles Taylor, both of which are in your power."

With his appearance I was not so greatly pleased, but I was glad to be relieved from the pistol, and I was very willing to answer that or discretion, and whither audience with Mr. Fergusson, and I was very willing to that perhaps the prayer of such a man, and I was very willing to that perhaps the prayer of such a man, and I was very willing to that perhaps the prayer of such a man

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The Lincoln machine no sewing agent is authorized to solicit orders. Any one claiming to be such agent is a fraud. No person is authorized to take orders except on the regular printed order blanks furnished by the company, and no agent is authorized to sell for cash or other terms. Any one claiming to be an agent of the Lincoln machine will please report the fact to the company at once, and give the name and address of the party, together with the name of the town in town in different sections of the country. Any one buying a machine of an agent should report the party. Beware of strangers.

$10,000 Diamond Robbery.

The richest man in England is the Duke of Westminster.

It is said that there are 755 vaudeville houses now open in the United States and Canada.

A memorial statue of Sarah Siddons, the great actress, has been erected over Paddington green near to the cemetery where her body was buried several years ago. Mrs. Siddons is represented as seated, and clad in classic robes.

Ernest, the great match master, has written another light opera. It is called "The Little Host," and is to be produced shortly in New York. The music the synopsis from Boston says, is of a somewhat new march that will run from Monday to the Golden Gate like "El Capitan" and the rest.

Have some of your resolutions for the New Year gone up in smoke? If so you will be late to meet. Make a fresh start by buying a box of Cleveland's Cigars. They are of a quality unequaled by any other. Call for Cleveland's and introduction, and the "Fool and Diamond Robbery" in the finest work to be yet done.

Club in fancy green and gold, "The Night Side of the City," a novelette from the pen of John W. Lloyd, is a pleasant companion to while away an idle hour. There is an under current of mysticism which gives a touch of serenity to the tale. The delicate theme is carried out with exquisite gentleness. The book is published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents.

The eyes of the world are fixed with considerable curiosity on the international game that is being played by Great Britain, Russia and Japan, with China as the chessboard. The Russian bear is closed to progress and civilization, and stagnation is his one ambition. Japan on the Oriental empire has become to the course of a few years a prize of vital importance, both from a commercial and a dynastic standpoint, not only to the advanced European sister kingdoms, but also to the clever little monarchy of Japan. Since its victory over China, Japan has developed a severe confidence in its power to cope with other aggressors, and it will be watched with interest to watch the final outcome of the Chinese question, with the Japanese as a factor to hold supremacy over marine commerce in the east. Should Russia gain a key to the inland trade via the Trans-Siberian railway, and Japan bring it to walk off with the whole pie, under their own flavor, will probably be a lively time of it sooner or later.

Marie Corelli, the well-known novelist, is seriously ill at her home in Stratford-on-Avon. The house in Stratford in which she has recently been enlisted has been rendered historic by the fact that it is an open question. She has been severely censured for having had the audacity to erect nothing her portrait. She had positively refused to sit for a portrait, yet a few weeks ago, a fine portrait of her was hung and placed on exhibition in London. In reply to the many assaults on her character, Miss Corelli announced that her only object in erecting the house was to cause to the support of the painter, a young geographer art student, who has been promptly called her unreasonably extravagant and ridiculous in having the present condition of the artist. For many years the painter has been very poor, a chance piece of making vindictive comment on this entry, one of the most popular, as well as one of the wealthiest novelists, her income last year was over exciting $50,000. Her books are favorites with all classes, not only from the high command of language, and easy style, but for the deep love for and earnest conviction that pervades her writing. She gives a reverent tone to her work with one who aspires to the niches of the Temple of Fame. Her portrait is one of the few from a superabundant supply of the writers presented which can be truly said to be a faithful likeness. Some, by the artist's own confession, only do not make her in the favor of the human vision of creation. Nevertheless she is too clever a writer to stoop to petty venom, and as her art is a good part of her income comes in honest pounds, shillings and pence, we cannot show some forbearance for the fund that gives her a living, while it also would be suggested that the worthy press writers of the city should not be so severe in one of the mighty power of their quills on other subjects that this clever little woman.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

BY J. E. T. GOSS.

Oh, Harry came along the lane,
And he was very late,
He hurried on to ease the pain
And had no time to wait.
Oh, Harry hurried he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie had her slightest cut,
Her sponge was light as air,
She thought she'd die, she didn't,
And needed all her care;
She said after every moment, but
She spoke young Harry, there,
Oh, Harry stopped, she didn't, she didn't.

Oh, Harry stopped, she spoke a word,
And spoke it very low,
Oh, Katie heard, Oh, Katie heard,
And he didn't he didn't, he didn't.
That all the while the youth averred
That He would be true.
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie said the fire was warm,
And she was "Miss" to dear,
And Harry seemed to think his arm
Was made of a great deal,
And Katie was in such alarm,
She said she didn't feel,
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

And as he held her in his arms,
And kissed her on the cheek,
With blushes and with charms
Just longing to be kissed,
He felt that love was love was love was love,
He knew a fault and grieved
Of her conduct—he did—
I thought the girl would scream,
But she didn't.

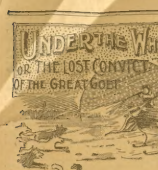
THE SWALLOW TAIL.

There Was Method in the Madness of Murphy When His Combined Pistols Were Drawn Bath.

BY CY WARMAN.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman.)

Dallas Murphy was better called "Digger," just as the Irish section men dislike the name of "Jerrin," and yet the Dallas man always says "the Digger" and the Dallas idiocy, as soon as he was given an instinct of Digger, said "Diana an Jat," and he means it. The Indians say "Digger" because they dig for roots. They are given to the use of red liquor and gunpowder, and they are fond of gay firearms and the clatter of long knives. Dallas Murphy possessed all of these shooting irons, and when he got a little under the influence of the red liquor he would pull out his guns and shoot at "Jerrin," and yet



["Under the White Terror," was begun in No. 4. Back numbers can be obtained at the agent or by addressing the Chicago office. Price five cents.]

CHAPTER XVII.
LORIS TELLS HIS STORY.

"Come in!" cried Maurice, supposing that Loris would like to take a hand at cards. He was partly right, for Loris Skobeln was one of the two visitors who at that moment entered the room, and the other was Admiral Dubarrel. "I was afraid you were going to bed, Whittingham," said the latter; "but when we saw the light under the door we ventured to knock."

"I am glad to see you," replied Maurice. "Be seated."

"It is a late hour for a call," the Admiral went on, as he and his companion drew their chairs close to the table. "The importance of my errand must be my excuse. I have just returned with the prisoner from Vladivostok, where I learned some news that will be of interest to you. It concerns your father's strange legacy, and, as I know that Loris as well as myself enjoyed your full confidence, I concluded to bring him along. I had another reason, which will appear later—"

"You have something to tell me about the last paper?" interrupted Maurice, in an eager tone. "What is it?"

"Hush! not so loud, my dear fellow," cautioned the Admiral. "Our interview must on no account be overheard. Is the door tightly closed? Yes, I see. And the walls are too thick for the sound of voices to reach the adjoining room.

He paused, and blinked his eyes like a little closer. Then, leaning toward Maurice, he continued in a low tone: "My friend connected with the police sent me word that a certain paper was about to be dispatched by wire to some person in the land of free convicts who escaped from here for safekeeping toward the Great Gobi. Their object must have been suspected, for large force of mounted Cossacks started from Irkutsk weeks ago to intercept the messenger. They were to be hired to seize and hold under the borders of Mongolia, and either killed or captured half of them. A large number remained to search among the prisoners—who are now on their way to Irkutsk—for the paper. Do you follow me, Boschgate?"

"Is Boschgate a prisoner again?" exclaimed Maurice. "Then I will have no chance to recover the paper. This is, indeed, good news, and I thank you for bringing it to me."

"It is fortunate, Mr. Loris, that Providence has given you the ability to understand German!"

"But as it chanced to learn the truth from Boschgate himself," said Maurice, "I have trouble with father."

"Yes, serious trouble for all of us," observed the Admiral. "But, I think, we are safe. Boschgate is too cunning a fellow to drop the password of the paper in the hearing of the guards. He will admit the message to be a harmless one, with the secret hidden."

"What do you suppose will be done with the prisoner?" Loris asked.

"The greater part will be sent to the mines," replied Admiral Dubarrel. "Count Ilarion, Shvralkin and Reschagin will likely be among them. Boschgate, I suppose, will remain in prison for some months, and then be given an opportunity for the carrying out of a plan that I have suggested to him, are you ready for an immediate journey to Irkutsk?"

"To Irkutsk!" Loris exclaimed incredulously.

"Do you really mean it, sir?" cried Maurice, springing to his feet in excitement.

"Yes," said he, decided to the Admiral. "Surely, you want to recover the paper from Boschgate, or at least learn its contents?"

"It is my heartfelt wish, sir," replied Maurice.

"And my services are at the command of my friend," said Loris.

"Then we shall go—both of you," the Admiral went on. "No; don't thank me. My acquaintance of mine in Irkutsk, including the military commandant of the prison and the governor-general. These letters will insure nothing of your real purpose, which of course will be kept secret. I shall give you formal leave of absence—which I have the power to do—and you will be supposed to have gone on private business to the south. The main point is in best Tartarine, who by the time is doubtless either starving for Irkutsk himself, or has some of the trusting bishops to escort the secret of the treasure from Reschagin.

"Now, gentlemen, I think I am satisfied that you can serve first, Loris had better hold aloof from the affair as much as possible. You, Maurice, will proceed to the prison as soon as you reach Irkutsk, and give one of the letters to the governor. He, in spirit, will procure you a private interview with Boschgate, during which you will be to gain your object by some shrewd business-like way. I am not of no benefit to the convict under his present circumstances. He can't bide it without running the risk of having a full blown private hanging, the sequel which I desire to prevent, since it will bring disgrace to an officer.

"Then what means am I to employ, sir?" asked Maurice.

"To return for your father's letter, or a revelation of its contents," replied the Admiral. "You will assure Boschgate that he will procure a mitigation of his sentence in case he is confirmed in death—which I am certain to be the outcome of his trial. He will then be free to return to his home, and since he has evidence clear and explicit, of escape, I believe that he will gladly do so; everything to lose if he remain."

Maurice was disposed to favor the plan, but Loris, who had been silent during the latter's lost legacy, and unraveling the mystery of the strange letter, was inclined to object. He could not bear to be separated for a day from Maurice, for several hours the three conversed in low tones, and when they rose over the whole of the arrangements again and again, there was no remarkable fault to be found in the plan. It was long past midnight when the Admiral and Loris left the room, leaving Maurice to toss on his bed and toss in his mind, and finally to fall asleep.

The next day, and the next, and the next, preparation were secretly and rapidly completed. Maurice was awakened by an hour after dark, Maurice and Loris started on their journey.

About 7 o'clock that night, when the travelers had been on the road for more than an hour, Maurice and Loris were sitting in the room of a small and plainly furnished house in Vladivostok—a small and plainly furnished house in Vladivostok—a house of across frame of mind, to judge from the looks of the occupants. Both were grave young men, but on the previous day he had been in the highest spirits, and Loris had been in a state of deep depression. Now it was a long telegram in cipher from Vladivostok.

Boschgate's letter had never reached him, and the message which he had received from the second envelope was pushed through a slot in the door of the room in which he was sitting. He had opened it, and was now engaged upon it, with a restless chafing countenance of one who is in a hurry to get through with a disagreeable task. Before him lay the telegram written in a different hand, and addressed to "Count Ilarion Tartarine."

Maurice and Loris fell from the spy's lips in a torrent of words, which were interrupted by rage and disappointment, he finally ceased, and began to pace up and down the floor.

Then he bowed between his clenched teeth, "I am baffled in the very flush of success! I am ruined! I was about to become a rich man, and now I am a beggar! Two thousand roubles almost within my grasp, and I am forced to lose it!"

"Not quite so much as that, perhaps," said Loris, with a smile.

"Yes, quite as much!" cried the spy, in a passion. "With a swiftly changing countenance he stopped before Maurice, and, with a singularly intelligent writing in a different hand, he read the letter addressed to "Count Ilarion Tartarine."

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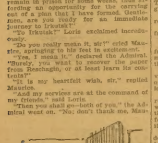

ME CROUCHED DOWN BEFORE THE SCREEN.

nice. Your father was my friend, and I am taking this risk for his sake. I am satisfied that Boschgate will not betray me, and the proper precautions—the all important ones—I have taken. I will also send a letter to the governor-general, and I have communicated with the chief of police, who will procure you a private interview with Boschgate, during which you will be to gain your object by some shrewd business-like way. I am not of no benefit to the convict under his present circumstances. He can't bide it without running the risk of having a full blown private hanging, the sequel which I desire to prevent, since it will bring disgrace to an officer.

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The next day, and the next, and the next, preparation were secretly and rapidly completed. Maurice was awakened by an hour after dark, Maurice and Loris started on their journey.

About 7 o'clock that night, when the travelers had been on the road for more than an hour, Maurice and Loris were sitting in the room of a small and plainly furnished house in Vladivostok—a house of across frame of mind, to judge from the looks of the occupants. Both were grave young men, but on the previous day he had been in the highest spirits, and Loris had been in a state of deep depression. Now it was a long telegram in cipher from Vladivostok.

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Maurice and Loris fell from the spy's lips in a torrent of words, which were interrupted by rage and disappointment, he finally ceased, and began to pace up and down the floor.

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"Yes, quite as much!" cried the spy, in a passion. With a swiftly changing countenance he stopped before Maurice, and, with a singularly intelligent writing in a different hand, he read the letter addressed to "Count Ilarion Tartarine."

He rested unsteadily on his feet and though his lips were open to speak he could make no sound.

The letter part of August found them beyond lake Baikal, and on the 27th of that month they drew up before the little station of Angara, which was but forty miles from Irkutsk. They had left it at the hour of the afternoon, and the horses were tired out, the young travelers decided to spend the night here and take a long day's nap to the completion of their journey. The latter route of the posthorse relief, which was half-intoxicated peasants and soldiers, as the two travelers had found to their cost in the rear spiritual, where they were the victims of abuse.

When supper was brought the starosta, left, and, after eating a hearty meal, Maurice and Loris went to the stable, and examining meditatively at opposite sides of the little shed. From the open door came a subdued clamor of tongues and a clinking of glasses.

"Well, we are nearly at our journey's end," said Loris, after a long pause. "Tomorrow we will see us there, for the road is in good condition. And by the close of the following day I believe your task will have been successfully accomplished."

"I hope so," said Maurice, "and I feel pretty confident about it. The Admiral letter will procure me the interview with Boschgate, and I think I can manage to secure—"

"I am of the same opinion, my dear fellow," asserted Loris. "The mystery will be solved, and you will be able to return to my bachelor's—and wish it were a small photograph, which fell on the table and the traveling bishops to escort the secret of the treasure from Reschagin.

"Now, gentlemen, I think I am satisfied that you can serve first, Loris had better hold aloof from the affair as much as possible. You, Maurice, will proceed to the prison as soon as you reach Irkutsk, and give one of the letters to the governor. He, in spirit, will procure you a private interview with Boschgate, during which you will be to gain your object by some shrewd business-like way. I am not of no benefit to the convict under his present circumstances. He can't bide it without running the risk of having a full blown private hanging, the sequel which I desire to prevent, since it will bring disgrace to an officer.

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When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

acquaintances of mine in Irkutsk, including the military commandant of the prison and the governor-general. These letters will insure nothing of your real purpose, which of course will be kept secret. I shall give you formal leave of absence—which I have the power to do—and you will be supposed to have gone on private business to the south. The main point is in best Tartarine, who by the time is doubtless either starving for Irkutsk himself, or has some of the trusting bishops to escort the secret of the treasure from Reschagin.

"Now, gentlemen, I think I am satisfied that you can serve first, Loris had better hold aloof from the affair as much as possible. You, Maurice, will proceed to the prison as soon as you reach Irkutsk, and give one of the letters to the governor. He, in spirit, will procure you a private interview with Boschgate, during which you will be to gain your object by some shrewd business-like way. I am not of no benefit to the convict under his present circumstances. He can't bide it without running the risk of having a full blown private hanging, the sequel which I desire to prevent, since it will bring disgrace to an officer.

"Then what means am I to employ, sir?" asked Maurice.

"To return for your father's letter, or a revelation of its contents," replied the Admiral. "You will assure Boschgate that he will procure a mitigation of his sentence in case he is confirmed in death—which I am certain to be the outcome of his trial. He will then be free to return to his home, and since he has evidence clear and explicit, of escape, I believe that he will gladly do so; everything to lose if he remain."

Maurice was disposed to favor the plan, but Loris, who had been silent during the latter's lost legacy, and unraveling the mystery of the strange letter, was inclined to object. He could not bear to be separated for a day from Maurice, for several hours the three conversed in low tones, and when they rose over the whole of the arrangements again and again, there was no remarkable fault to be found in the plan. It was long past midnight when the Admiral and Loris left the room, leaving Maurice to toss on his bed and toss in his mind, and finally to fall asleep.

The next day, and the next, and the next, preparation were secretly and rapidly completed. Maurice was awakened by an hour after dark, Maurice and Loris started on their journey.

About 7 o'clock that night, when the travelers had been on the road for more than an hour, Maurice and Loris were sitting in the room of a small and plainly furnished house in Vladivostok—a house of across frame of mind, to judge from the looks of the occupants. Both were grave young men, but on the previous day he had been in the highest spirits, and Loris had been in a state of deep depression. Now it was a long telegram in cipher from Vladivostok.

Boschgate's letter had never reached him, and the message which he had received from the second envelope was pushed through a slot in the door of the room in which he was sitting. He had opened it, and was now engaged upon it, with a restless chafing countenance of one who is in a hurry to get through with a disagreeable task. Before him lay the telegram written in a different hand, and addressed to "Count Ilarion Tartarine."

Maurice and Loris fell from the spy's lips in a torrent of words, which were interrupted by rage and disappointment, he finally ceased, and began to pace up and down the floor.

Then he bowed between his clenched teeth, "I am baffled in the very flush of success! I am ruined! I was about to become a rich man, and now I am a beggar! Two thousand roubles almost within my grasp, and I am forced to lose it!"

"Not quite so much as that, perhaps," said Loris, with a smile.

"Yes, quite as much!" cried the spy, in a passion. With a swiftly changing countenance he stopped before Maurice, and, with a singularly intelligent writing in a different hand, he read the letter addressed to "Count Ilarion Tartarine."

He rested unsteadily on his feet and though his lips were open to speak he could make no sound.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE KIDNAPER CHIEF.

How Loyal Inkosirini Carried Off His Bride—A True Story of Life in Kafirland.

BY G. R. O'REILLY.

In 1650 the adventurous Dutchmen purchased from a Hottentot chief a little land at Table bay, and on it founded a settlement of one hundred men and women, taken for charity from the almshouses of Amsterdam. This settlement finally grew into the city of Cape Town. By degrees more Dutchmen came there, and their territories gradually extended eastward and northward. Their only opponents were the yellow-skinned Hottentots, and these they easily subdued. When, during the Napoleonic wars, the Cape colony passed into the hands of the British, the immigration of Dutch almost ceased, and the English-speaking people began.

Now, while the Briton was establishing himself at the west, another people, dark-skinned, vigorous and warlike Kafirs, were steadily advancing southward from the northeast, conquering in their course, and knowing no obstacle till crossing the Great Fish river, about 1826, they met for the first time among the hills of Albany the "white-skinned sons of the sea."

Ignorant of the firearms and disdaining the bow of the Bushman, the tall, athletic Kafir fought only with the assegai or javelin, the sole weapon they even now handle with dexterity. At their very first meeting with the English they were driven back, for the javelin-throwing warrior, coming on on foot, was no match for the rifle-armed and mounted white.

On the outermost edge of the settlements of the district of Paddie a young Englishman named Featherston took up some land and built for himself a substantial house with broad verandas on every side. It was most delightfully located, and the bright green young orange trees were already adorned with golden fruits when his wife arrived from England. No Kafir had ever been seen around the homestead. They had Hottentot servants and horses and cattle, and from day to day their life went smoothly on.

One evening they were happily sitting in the veranda, when the servants, beetling clothes down at the stream and lazily gathering up the bundles of linen to fetch in, suddenly dropped everything and ran screaming to Mr. Featherston: "The Kafirs are coming! The Kafirs are coming!"

Featherston saw that his gun beside him was ready, but continued coolly smoking. His wife was alarmed, but at his persuasion she, too, kept her place.

A Kafir chief with ten followers was walking slowly toward the house. Stretching out his hands he made signs of asking for something to eat. Mr. Featherston called one of the Hottentots who had for some time been a prisoner among the Kafirs to act as interpreter.

The chief said that he and his young men had gone out hunting, and had got no game; and now night was coming and they were far from home, and had nothing to eat. Mr. Featherston didn't feel very well pleased with their visit. Still, now that they had come, he determined to treat them well and make friends of them.

The chief was a handsome faced young man of twenty-five, and was altogether a gentlemanly savage. The Featherstons admired him, invited him and his men into the house, and seated them in the dining-room before a plentiful repast. During the meal the alarm which their first coming had caused very soon disappeared. When the meal was over they smoked on the veranda, and while they smoked a thunderstorm came on. The chief then asked if they might sleep on the veranda. Mr. Featherston, however, had the dining-room cleared out, and the Kafir guests stretched themselves on the rug skins carpeting the floor, and they all slept with confidence of [illegible] Featherston himself had no hesitation in taking his night's rest in a hammock in the veranda.

In the morning the chief came out and thanked him most profusely for his hospitality. He thought that Featherston had slept outside so as to leave room for he and his followers inside, and his gratitude and sense of obligation were all the greater on this account. On departing the chief presented his leopard skin kaross to his host and invited him to visit him at his kraal on the tenth day following. "Be good enough to bring your friends with you," said he, "and be sure to come on horses, for such a sight none of my village has ever yet beheld." Featherston promised that he would go.

About sunrise on the morning of the tenth day Featherston and five or six of his neighbors rode off to visit the chief. They found the kraal on a hillside sloping up from the veldt-covered plain. They were greatly surprised at the immense crowd of natives assembled to receive them. Men, women and children were there, large fires were burning to roast the oxen killed in Featherston's honor, and beer jars were everywhere being carried about by the women.

Inkosirini himself came down to welcome his guests. He led them to his hut, where they drank of his beer and ate of his roast meats. The crowd pressed around them and their horses with such ravenous curiosity that the headmen had to use their knob kerries to keep them back. Seeing that ther might be danger of fighting on this account, Mr. Featherston arranged with his friends to give the Kaffirs a spectacle—to them a more wonderful sight than ever was the most elaborate circus to the boy who sees it for the first time.

They got the chief and the principal men among the Kafirs to go down with them on the plain, leaving word for the people to remain on the hillside, so that they could see everything. Riding out a couple of hundred yards on the level plain, they asked the chief and his companions to stand still in a group. Then the horsemen began to circle around them at a gallop, occasionally shooting off their guns and lashing their horses to their highest speed. The shouts and admiration which went up from the Kafirs at this hitherto undreamed-of spectacle filled the white men with astonishment. And as they changed their relative positions, now galloping all together in a crowd and again coursing around the circle in single file, one behind the other, the hoarse murmur of approbation was each time renewed.

To entertain his white friends now in turn the chief set his young men throwing their assegais at a mark. Then a great dance was given, accompanied by such noises as are usual at savage dances. Then went on the feasting and beer-drinking again, till a damper was put on the festivities by another such storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, as had detained the chief at Featherston's over night.

The visitors were pressed to remain, and they did so, for the storm continued, and they knew that the streams between them and home would be impassable on account of the floods. Featherston and his companions slept in the chief's hut. The chief himself told them never to mind about him as he would find lodging for himself. During the night Featherston awoke, and going out to look at the horses, found the Inkosirini himself lying in the rain across the doorway, outside snoring soundly on the muddy ground.

Next day the white men rode home, loaded with presents of karosses, shields, assegais and other things thought of use and beauty among the Kafirs.

Featherston found, on arising one morning, that every head of his horned stock had disappeared. The trail lead towards the border, and the Hottentot trackers declared they found the spoor of Kafirs with the herd. Upon hearing this a force of armed white men was assembled, and off they rode towards Inkosirini's kraal. But before they had gone half the distance, they met the chief himself with his men, driving the catle back. He was highly incensed against the thieves. "For I told them," said he, "that you were my friend, and forbademy people to go near your place."

Featherston begged Inkosirini to visit him soon, telling him that when he next came he would have a present for him that would surprise and delight him beyond measure.

At length, after five or six weeks, the chief arrived one morning early before the sun had risen. He came alone. At breakfast, however, he explained himself. "I [illegible] sure that my people would not again injure you; I came alone, so none of them should be tempted by the sight of your herds; and I came at night, so that they might not know that I have come here."

After they had eaten Featherston gave another exhibition of horsemanship. When the galloping in a circle had continued for some minutes, and the Inkosi was at the pinnacle of delight, Featherston reined up beside him and, dismounting, said: "My friend, would you like to learn how to ride like that, and to have a horse for yourself?" "O, yes, yes," said he, "nothing in the world would please me so much." So then and there Featherston had a most gentle and tractable horse brought out already saddled. The chief was assisted to mount, and Mr. Featherston, holding the bridle, walked the horse at first, and then by degrees made him go faster. Instructing the savage how to guide him and stop him, he now let him go all alone. Little by little the strangeness and insecurity of the saddle passed away, and as the chief felt at home there, he first ventured to trot and then to gallop. At this his delight was unbounded, so that he whooped and yelled for very joy. As the horse would course against the wind the leopard skin cloak fastened at the neck—the only clothing he wore—would float out behind him, leaving his splendid brown figure to be seen astride the bounding horse. The white men themselves were captivated by the beauty of the spectacle, and Mrs. Featherston, holding her little baby daughter by the hand, came out with the rest to see the enchantment of their guest with his new present. The chief had now got used to the saddle, and felt so confident that he asked Mr. Featherston to hand him his assegai. He wanted to see how he could fight on horseback. So, now urging his horse again to its utmost speed, he poised his spear above his head and, while his cloak streamed out on the wind behind him, he lunged at imaginary enemies as he passed. But a new side of his character was now to show itself, which will make manifest how hazardous is the friendship of a savage.

Galloping at the utmost speed around where the onlookers stood, whooping his loudest and stabbing viciously with his spear at his make-believe enemies, now on one side of him and now on the other, his eyes in the middle of all his excitement lighted for the first time on the form of the child by Mrs. Featherston's side.

He placed her on the saddle before him, and galloped off to Kafirland.

At once his whole demeanor changed. He at once reined up his panting steed, flung his assegai to some distance, where it stood upright, quivering with its iron head sticking in the earth, and then, dismounting, [illegible] stooped down to pet and caress her. Strange to say the little one took his advances in good part, and as the chief stayed stooping before her she caught hold of his necklace of lions' and leopards' teeth which he wore and tried to get it. At this, the kind-hearted Inkosi took off the necklace and with his own hands fastened it around her neck. Is this your child?" he asked, looking up at Mr. Featherston. "It is," replied the latter. "Is it a boy or a girl?" asked the chief.

"'Tis a girl," replied Featherston.

"Well," said Onkosirini, "will you give her to me for a wife?"

"All right," said Featherston, laughingly.

His attentions henceforth were so divided between the child and the horse that it was difficult to tell which he loved the most.

The possession of the horse made him now almost a daily visitor at Featherston's, and every time he came he would fetch some present for the little one. One day he found her playing with the cat, and when she told him she was feeding the cat plenty 'to make her grow big,' he smiled, and said, "Ca ca 'tana (Patience, child), if you want a bigger cat I'll get your a nicer one than this, a cat that will grow as big as a calf." Thereafter the child was always teasing him about his big cat. Whatever present he would fetch her, whether fruit, or trinkets or birds, she would always wind up with, "Have you got me the cat yet?" "Ca ca 'tana; I'll get it soon." This went on for months.

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Featherston having gone a distance of some forty or fifty miles, the child was left in care of the Hottentot servants. Now the Kafirs despise the Hottentots as worse than dogs. What was the indignation of the chief, therefore, when he rode down and found the father and mother gone away and the child exposed to the neglect or cruelty of the contemptible yellowskins. He stormed and scolded and was going to take the little one away with him to look after it himself, but the servants wouldn't permit him. "We'll see," replied he, as he rode away in a furious passion. "We'll see whether I'll look after my own wife or not."

Very shortly he returned with quite a band of his men, all armed with shields and asseigais. He took the child from them by force, placed her on the saddle before him, and galloped off to Kafirland; telling his men to follow as quick as they could.

Mr. Featherston lost not a moment on hearing the heartbreaking news when they returned and soon had a well-armed force of his white neighbors ready to ride with him into Kafirland, to take back his daughter by force if necessary.

On their arrival, the chief himself came out to meet them. But Mr. Featherston would not hear of his greetings. "Where is my child?" said he. "What right have you to come in my absence and steal my child?"

"Steal?" answered the chief in astonishment. "Isn't she my wife. Didn't you give her to me and how could I be patient when I saw her covered with dirt and neglected by your yellow-skinned servants? I did what was right in taking her away."

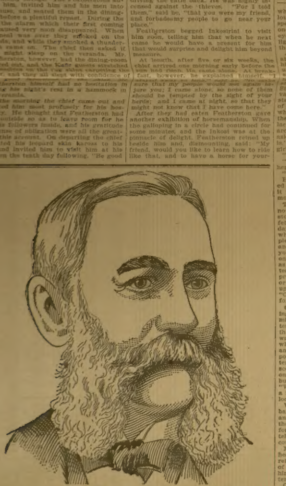
"Where is she now?" said Featherston.

"She is in the hut," replied the Inkosi, "and she is happier here than she ever was with you." Dismounting and running to the door, Mr. Featherston stooped down to look in. There was his little daughter sitting on the chief's shield, playing with a leopard kitten. "Papa! papa," she cried, picking up the young cub in her arms and standing in the doorway, "look at my cat; Inkosi says it will grow as big as a calf."

After much objection on the chief's part and great effort on Mr. Featherston's to convince him that he was only joking when he promised her to him for a wife, they parted good friends. But Inkosirini, although a savage, gave a long and severe lecture to his white friend about truthfulness and the necessity of being always frank with one's friends.

Poor Inkosirini was afterward shot by some unknown white man in the war which subsequently broke out between the English and the Kafirs. He was probably one of the noblest chiefs that ever the whites had to do with in the whole history of the South Africa colonies.

Little Miss Featherston married a gentleman, a Mr. Cannel, from the Isle of Man, and was living happily with a numerous family of most estimable sons and daughters at the Kowie when I was there in 1877. I am proud to call them my friends, and hope they yet remember me, and that they are still blessed with health and with wealth, as they were when Mrs. Cannel herself told me the story of how she was kidnapped by the Kafir chief.



SENT FREE TO MEN

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being distributed by the State Medical Institute, Ft. Wayne, Ind. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 151 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free packages will be complied with. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute make no restriction. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

It is but natural that a man cured of such distressing ailments should feel enthusiastic about it and unable any longer to keep the joyful news a secret. Thus it happens that day after day letters like the few given below pour upon them to thank them for their interest in their well being: Gentlemen:—"I hope you have got time to listen while I thank you for your goodness to me. I used your sample. It woke me up. I got some more and as true as the day I got back my strength of body and vigor of manhood. Nothing else ever came my way that did me so much good." Gentlemen:—"That was a remarkable sample of medicine you sent me. It went right to the spot. I could feel it. I was all withered up and dried out but now I am just as lively as a boy and as hopeful of the future as man ever could be." Gentlemen:—"Don't let me lose track of you. The sample you sent fixed me up in short order and I want everything needed for a complete cure. I have suffered for 12 years and I enclose amount to cover cost of a full treatment especially for developing the parts." As a rule a sample of medicine is designed to show its form and general merit but those sent by The State Medical Institute have brought joy to hundreds of men by reason of the quick action of the sample of remedy. It is well worth sending for.

YOUNG ATHLETES.

Novel Means of Amusing Children—Fun in a Home Gymnasium.

What to do with the restless noisy children on a rainy day is no longer a bitter question with the progressive mother, whose babies are learned little kindergarteners and who is firm against whips or severity as a means of keeping peace in the house.

Her secret of restful rainy days is clearly explained by a glimpse as her gymnasium nursery. It is a delightful place. Perhaps it cost more than the ordinary nursery in the beginning, but what of that. Down stairs all during the snowy Saturdays the literary head of the house sits peacefully at his desk, with no tumbling about of amateur bear hunters, or piercing shrieks of human locomotives to upset his train of thoughts. No pantries are raided, no cooks set by the ears, nor maternal bronchial tubes worn hoarse from correction and fairy story telling, because of this home of athletics.

The children themselves get through the day without quarreling, fretting or falling into mischief and rather rejoice in the inclement weather that keeps them busy over their new-found treasure.

Now, the nursery gymnasium is best set up in the garret. If the house boasts of a large and airy one. No matter if the roof slopes, provided the windows can be cut out a generous size, that is all needed. The best gymnasium of its kind, in fact the first to the writer's knowledge, that was started, [illegible] rot room quite [illegible]

So much the [illegible] for a gymnasium ought to have wooden walls. Therefore over the beams plain boards were nailed. Then the children were taken down, the five of them, to a sporting goods shop and allowed to select the requisite furnishings. The three boys and three girls were given their choice and on a portable striking bag they all combined. Whitely exerciser, for every one of the five, was a next selection and then a rowing apparatus and pair of climbing ladders. According to their individual strength each one of the children was given a pair of iron dumb bells, an adjustable trapeze and a pair of swinging rings made up the sum of gymnasium fittings.

With everyone of these purchases the dealer gave a paper book of instructions away and then the children were required to put their temple of athletics in order. They did it and from that time forth the downstairs nursery was deserted. Of course, simple flannel skirts and knickerbockers were provided with cheap, flatheeled shoes for all five, and training up muscle became the order of the day.

Rules were posted up on the gymnasium door that nobody should ever have any of their clubs, etc., lying about, as racks were provided for everything and any quarreling meant banishment of the offenders for a week from the garret room. On looking once a day into the gymnasium the mother of the family rarely saw any reason to enforce the penalties and as she watched the children she came to the conclusion that young bodies as well as young minds flourish under the proper sort of training.

Under the guise of playing the boys and girls began to discover for themselves brawn and muscle and by instinct they fell into drills and regular exercises. Two or three big old mattresses were hauled up into the gymnasium and by placing them under the rings, trapeze, and ladders, no tumbles were attended with bruises and when a bad day set in a circus was the order of the day. All the children chose fancy names, drew on long white or pink stockings, the boys wore false moustaches, the girls let down their hair, everybody was adorned with gilt paper stars and grand exhibitions followed.

Other boys and girls crowded in to see the fun and great was the appluase showered on the youthful prowess displayed. The news of this gymnasium getting about, other wise mothers followed suit, in chasing out the superabundance of toys and picture books and substituting complete athletic fittings. In many instances the gay wall paper was torn off and plain wood wainscoatting put on, this to afford strong wall space for adjusting chest pulleys, and platform striking bags. Floors also of hard wood have in many instances taken the place of carpets and over the loss of so much luxury not a child complains, while in one instance a family of ambitious children, whose parents were not able to do over their nursery in approved style, worked for and bought their own fittings.

They instituted a series of home circuses, where the brothers stood valiantly on their heads and each others shoulders and the girls walked a tight rope in their stocking feet, two inches from the floor. They charged a cent apiece for admission and a cent a glass for their lemonade, and little by little invested in clubs, appliances for indoor baseball, and whatever else they especially coveted, until dolls and dominoes vanished utterly before these more modern and heroic playthings.

As a result of this revolution mothers, whose homes are fitted with gymnasium nurseries, say "that not only are their youngsters more happy, good-natured, and nursery-loving in consequence, but that hot tempers are easily worked off on a horizontal bar, digestions are strengthened, weak limbs invigorated and both the moral and physical condition of their children vastly improved.

How Chewing Gum Is Made.

BY PLEASANT E. TODD.

The largest chewing gum factory in the world is in Cleveland, Ohio. Only a few years ago its owner was a poor man, making his gum in the basement of an old building, offering in vain his whole business for a hundred dollars, and with his wife his sole assistant. Now his 200 employes make profits for a millionaire.

The very air around the factory is pregnant with the composite fragrance of the essence used in flavoring. Entering by the the packing room, the white walls, the fine drift of sugar lying everywhere and the rows of white-capped girls folding the crisp papers with the deft rapidity of machines give a first impression of odorous whiteness.

The gum making begins in Mexico, its foundation being chicle gum, the chocolate colored exudence of the naseberry tree. The natives gather, pack it in barrels and send it north. At the factory it is picked over and crushed, then placed in large kettles together with sugar and flavoring extracts. While cooking the revolving cylinder within the kettle keeps the mass constantly stirred. When cooled it is carried to a table where a group of girls knead the gingerbread-looking stuff, mixing in sugar until it attains the needed dryness. Transferred to another table it is rolled out to thick square cakes worked as a cook would pastry, but with sugar taking the place of flour. These cakes are then passed back and forth under a steam roller until each is in thin strips about eighteen inches wide and a yard long. A grooved roller cuts it in squares which are laid on a tray and left twenty-four hours. After the day's drying, another grooved roller marks it into the shape in which it is sold when it is broken and sent in boxes to the packing room. Here it is wrapped in paper, packed in dainty boxes, then sent to the inspecting room, where each box is opened, examined and passed. All through the process may be noted the same accurate care and economy. Some girls in the inspecting department are kept busy lightly scraping unevenly shaped pieces. Every broken scrap is saved and returned to the melting kettle.

The factory is complete in itself and has many departments. The top floor is given up to the manufacture of pasteboard boxes for the gum. The basement is a light, airy printing office, where many hands are busy with the labels and advertising matter. A railway switch loads and unloads everything at the door. Six brands of gum are made in the building. Of one brand alone—the yucatan, the bookkeeper told me 50,000 miles had been sold in ten years, that in each day of the last ten years thirteen and one-half miles had been the average sales.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Halls' Family Pills are the best.

Sculptor Ruckstahl, who has been in Paris completing his work upon the model of the statue of General Hartranft, to be erected on the plaza in front of the west facade of the new legislative building in Harrisburg, has returned home.

FITS stopped Free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for free $2.00 trial and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

French's bust of the late General Walker, which was secured through the subscriptions of undergraduates, was presented to the Institute of Technology in Boston on the 5th of January, the first anniversary of General Walker's death.

100,000 Invalid Women

have obtained relief through my efforts to benefit my sex. I send FREE a simple home cure for womb troubles, painful periods, leucorrhoea and other female disorders. It cured me at home without medical aid after years of suffering. If others imitate this advertisement, don't be deceived. It can only be obtained FREE through me. Address Mrs. L. E. Hudnut, South Bend, Indiana.

London's zoological garden has lost the monster python, twenty feet long, which it had possessed for twenty-one years. For two years past the serpent would not take food voluntarily, and the keepers were obliged to cram it down its throat.

STOUT LADIES: I am a trained nurse; seven years ago I reduced 40 pounds by harmless remedy; have not regained; have nothing to sell; call or write, enclosing stamp, and I will tell you how it was done, home Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. MISS J. B. TOPPING, 351 Amsterdam avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Reverend Doctor Edwin S. Lines of New Haven, who has been elected general secretary of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary society, is a man of profound learning, and as a preacher and pastor ranks high in the Episcopal church.

Drunkenness is a Disease.

I will send free book of particulars: How to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Dr. J. W. Haines, 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Gladstone, writing in Chamber's Journal, says: "I recognize Dickens as a great factor in the literature of the century. But it made me angry to read somewhere that Dante was as familiar a name in Florence as Dickens in London."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Jokes by the Yard.

The common or garden joke in the comic papers of America and England has come to be as much of a mechanical product as any other of the minor articles of commerce. Indeed, a well known professional "jest manufacturer" (the designation is his own), has reduced his daily labor to the perfect system of the factory.

In a brief talk with this business humorist he outlined his scheme of work as follows:

"My notebook is the storehouse for raw material. Therein are jotted down all suggestions, ideas, and events which may be elaborated into jokes. I rarely have an inspiration, pure and simple. My family and friends, my chance acquaintances, and the people and sights I encounter supply the unrefined joke. Right here I want to acknowledge the debt that I owe to my hard-working and conscientious baby, aetat one year. This admirable child is one of the largest daily contributors of raw material for my joke factory. Before his arrival I had to get my infant humor at second-hand, from other people's nurseries. It really pays a manufacturer to be his own producer.

"My jokes, roughly jotted down, are on each Monday morning carefully sorted. The Thanksgiving output is thus ready by July 4, and the Christmas supplies can be placed on the market by Michaelmas.

"With regard to the new perforated joke broadcast—my own invention—I should like to say a word. I have had made to order a huge sheet of writing paper, perforated after the manner of postage stamps into rectangular subdivisions of equal size. Each subdivision is just large enough for a joke, and has my name and address printed for editorial use, in one corner. I write in my jokes, one joke to a rectangular slip; and then folding up the entire broadsheet, mail it to the best paying and most desirable comic paper on my list.

"The editor looks over the jokes and picks out the ones he wants. These he detaches, by tearing along the perforated lines; and sends back the remainder. Again I mail the broadsheet to comic paper No. 2, and the same process of selection is gone through. When all the humorous journals have been given a chance, my mutilated broadsheet is sent the rounds of the trade papers; and, these publications having detached the best jokes remaining, I forward what is left to England, where I find a ready market for the remnant.

"The system is an excellent one, obviating the use of scissors. Latterly I have been covering the backs of my joke broadsheets with mucilage, agreeably flavored, so that the busy comic editor does not have to bother about his paste pot either. "I have been thinking about incorporating my joke industry, and I really do not see why a great wit and humor paragraph trust should not be one of the events of the future."

Free to All Women.

I have earned of a very simple home treatment which will readily cure all female disorders. It is nature's own remedy and I will gladly send it free to every suffering woman. Address MABEL E. RUSH Joliet, Illinois

The Count and Countess Henri de Frankenstein of Rome, Italy, arrived in New York recently. The countess is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cullen Brewster of New York.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 151 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Two memorials of Thomas Arnold will soon be placed in his native town in the Isle of Wight, a brass in the Church of St. Mary and a tablet on the house at West Cowes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

It is reported that the collection of oriental porcelain and pottery and the pictures made by Charles A. Dana will be sold at auction about the middle of February next.

Women Made Beautiful

By Vestro. It will develop the bust six inches, adds grace and beauty to the neck. It is harmless and never fails. It will add charm and attraction to any woman. Send 2c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials sealed. Aurum Medicine Co. Dept. H-A, 55 State St., Chicago.

AN UNKNOWN GENIUS.

The "Land o' the Leal" was not written by Bobby Burns, as is popularly supposed, but by a woman who wrote many songs as popular as his, and perhaps as much sung today, yet whose name is little known, and whose literary history is very strange.

In 1766 a baby girl was born in an old house in Pertshire, Scotland, to Lawrence Olipbant, a Jacobite gentleman, whose family had impoverished themselves in the Stuart cause. His father had been "out" in the rebellion of 1715 and he himself had fought for Prince Charley in 1745; he had fled Scotland for his life, and only a couple of years before the birth of this, his first child, had he been allowed to return and settle down on the remnant of his estates. The baby was to have been named Charles, for the last Stuart, had it been a boy, but as it was a girl her father had to compromise by calling her Caroline. Mr. Oliphant was loyal to the lost cause to the last, and Caroline grew up amid stories and songs of "Bonnie Prince Charley," songs that she was to supersede with her own. The nicest story you will ever hear about old King George III. relates how he sent a message to Mr. Oliphant. When the laird was growing old, and as stubborn a Jacobite as ever, the King one day said to the member of parliament for Perthshire: "When you go home give my compliments, not the compliments of the king of England, but those of the elector of Hanover, to Mr. Oliphant, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles."

Caroline was a great singer and dancer in her youth, but had become a sober, middle aged woman before her wedding day dawned. She was bethrothed in her teens to a distant cousin, who, like the rest of them, had spent all for the king over the water, and was for long years too poor to marry. At last, when the lady was in her 40th year and he nine years older, she was wedded to her first love, Major Nairne.

In 1824 Major Nairne was restored to a title that had been obtained in 1715, and became Baron Nairne. Lady Nairne was left a widow ere long and soon her only child, a son, died, too, and she spent the rest of aher life in Edinburgh absorbed in religion and charity, respected as a saint, looked upon with interest because of the romantic political history of her family, and the sweet Scotch constancy of her love story, but no one suspecting that she had any claims as an author. Sir Walter Scott had known her well, but had never dreamed of her secret, it was better kept than the authorship of "Waverley." Yet for fifty years, no less, young and old on every side, had been singing her own songs all around her. The husband died without knowing she had written a line of poetry, and she all but carried the knowledge of her authorship to her own grave. But one sister had been her confidant, and when Lady Nairne had passed away the sister thought there was no longer any need of protecting her old-fashioned womanly modesty, and told the story and published a collection of the songs. Besides the "Land o' the Leal," some of the other were "Wha'll be King But Charley," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Wha'll Buy My Caller Herrin," and "A Hundred Pipers and a' and a'" which last one is now being sung nightly in a New York theater. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

First Explorer of the Arctics.

The hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of Arctic work, and their vessels and equipment were very inadequate. One of the greatest of all Arctic voyagers was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition, William Barentz. He sailed from Holland in 1594 on the little fishing smack Mercurius, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and seamen of those days were as to the navigability of Arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing around the north end of Nova Zembla and finding a northeast passage to China; and so for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty-one times, and traveling back and forth along the ice edge for 1,700 miles. The highest ice edge was 614 statute miles south of the highest point reached by Nansen, or 674 miles from the pole.—Harper's Weekly.

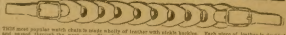
An Emporia, Kan., lawyer charged $25 for collecting a $19 bill, but threw off $6 and called the thing square.

SILVER WATCH FREE

[illegible] SAFE WATCH CO., 7 Warren Street, New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LEATHER WATCH CHAIN FREE



THIS most popular watch chain is made wholly of leather with nickle buckles. Each piece of leather is doubled and passed through the next one. The chain cannot break its links because of it. It is light, pretty and cheap. We give one free to everyone sending in 10 cents for a 3 months trial subscription to Boyce's Monthly. Everyone wears these chains. Send for one today. Address

Boyce's Monthly, Boyce Building, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A PAINTER OF DOG'S MINIATURES.

BY MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

Dogs with their strong personalities have always had a charm for Mrs. Laura Chandler, and after careful instruction in the use of brush and pencil she resolved to devote her talents to portraying them. When the art of miniature painting revived she received orders to reproduce on ivory, the pictures of cherished pets. The first one was done for a well known society woman, who by accident lost a fox terrier to which she was much attached. To immortalize this little creature a miniature was painted. It was a memory only, but it comforted the disconsolate mistress. Then a gentleman owner of a kennel had a number of his prize dogs painted, some singly, some in groups, and when finished they were placed as a decorative bit for his private office. Crowned with success and encouraged in this line, a business for Mrs. Chandler sprang up in this direction. There were also art dealers who thought that dogs sketched in oil or painted on ivory would meet the demands of their customers, which they did.

A quick eye and good memory are also required to really know and study what position to give them. Then comes the task of making the creature perfectly motionless, and when that is accomplished how to take that exact position when the next sitting comes around.

Mrs. Chandler has endless stories to tell of the canine race when being painted. She declares they are a good deal like human beings—one is selfish, another obstinate, and do what you will there are times when only a bribe in the way of a big lump of sugar will make them tractable at all. As for sulks, they glory in them and one should be possessed of a good stock of patience if a successful miniature is to be secured. At one time there was brought into her studio two beautiful Italian greyhounds. These dogs were to be painted together. After much trouble the position was gained. When all was in readiness Mrs. Chandler's own small fox terrier growled, and so the whole thing had to be done over again. At last the sitting was finished for that day and the dogs bowed out. On her return Mrs. Chandler found her little dog sitting on the same rug in the very same identical pose assumed by the greyhounds, his paws raised and on his face the most pleasant expression possible and there he remained until he was sketched. When shown the picture he lay down on the floor fully satisfied and happy.

But dogs of all degrees know that Mrs. Chandler is their friend. When once in the studio they find out very quickly where the sugar is kept, where the tea biscuits are, and the pretty bowl full of water. So much is this artist en rapport with these knowing animals that she has given them a place in literature. Many children have doubtless read the charming story of "Three of Us."

It was Mrs. Chandler who painted "Handsome Dan," the bulldog mascot of the Yale football team, and that noted Russian wolfhound so splendid in fine proportions.

A Wonderful Talking Machine.

Perfection has at last surely been reached by talking machines. The latest and most perfect machine has just come out. It is loud and clear and reproduces your own or any voice over and over again, speeches from the most noted statesmen, songs from the world's greatest singers, music from the greatest bands. The price of this wonderful machine is but $20.00, and it affords a wonderful opportunity for those who wish to give public entertainments; $10.00 to $20.00 can be made every evening exhibiting this talking machine, to halls, churches, school houses and other public places. This machine is now controlled by, and catalogues and full particulars can be had from Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago. Just cut this notice out and send to them for a book telling all about it.

The best way to tell a woman's age is in a whisper over a telephone.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

PLEASE TRY Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC REGULATE THE LIVER 10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

CATALOGUE RUBBER GOODS of Every Kind FREE. EDWIN MERCER & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MINERAL Rods for Gold Hunters and Treasure Seekers. Box K, Prospector, Palmyra, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain. Comp'd Oxygen Ass'n, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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BED-WETTING CURED Sample free. Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CHILDBIRTH MADE EASY Book and full particulars sent free to any address. HARRIS REMEDY COMPANY, [illegible] Chicago, Illinois.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE MONEY QUESTION is easily settled by the poultry question. [illegible] Mammoth Annual Poultry Guide [illegible] John Bauscher Jr. Box 93, Freeport, Ill.

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SIDE LINE FOR TRAVELING MEN

$2.00 Per Town for Traveling Men to APPOINT AGENTS.

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SIMON DALE

ANTHONY HOPE

[Simon Dale" was begun in No. 81. Nos. 1 numbers can be obtained of the agent or by addressing the Chicago office. Price five cents.]

SYNOPSIS

Simon Dale, the teller of the story, born shortly after the execution of Charles I., is taken under the protection of Buckingham because a wan woman has prophesied that he will be the lover of the wife of Major Scott, the king's dear friend and one of the king's spies." Falling in love with Barbara, daughter of the parish minister, Lord Quinton, his young officemates are diverted by the appearance of the mysterious London beauty named Cydaria. Scott, who appears at Hatherden Hall in Cydaria's absence, tells his secret to Simon in consolation to the King's displeasure. Simon goes to London, discovers that Cydaria is really Nell Gwyn, and decides to restore his commission because she seemed to be the cynosure of the young Duke of Monmouth, and it seemed to be useful. Rides to Dover with the Duke, where a plot is hatched by the Duke of York and Duchess to make Nell Gwyn lose her sure are rescued with much prowess by Simon, who is made a captain. Returns to the court of Charles II. Intrigues court, who comes by state from Calais. Secret documents are sold. While under the security in an outer hall for one of the Duchess' ladies, Simon is attacked by Monmouth's friends, and is rescued by Barbara. At de Portsmouth audience, Simon is told by the King that he must marry Barbara. At de Portsmouth audience, Very partial to Barbara, and seems determined on win her for himself. At the state dinner Simon makes his appearance in full dress. The dinner and the services which followed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEED OF CURIOSITY.

The next morning my excitement had gone. I woke a prey to despondency and sickness of soul. Not only did difficulties loom large and failure seem inevitable, but a distrust for all that surrounded me seized on my hand, depicting the zest of adventure and the certainty of success.

Earlier than usual by an hour Jonah Wall came up from the kitchen to wait on lodged, but he found me up and dressed, eager to act, ready for what might chance. I had seen little of the fellow lately, acting on his former secretary service and providing myself of his somber company as quickly as I could. Yet I looked on him to-day with more consideration; his was a repulsive form of righteousness, grim and gloomy, but it was righteousness, and I felt as such to be against the background of Whitehall where I was living and working. I spoke to his kindly, but taking on hand the task of shaving me he was soon his old and self-respectful. The wonder of his return to your lodging in London is here in Dover. Was that he should come and find me there I can lend you."

I started and stared at him, I had set "Pride" in that chapter; was fate minded to reverse it? He was not in my secret, was that Jonah Wall should play Mercury to me.

"He has no need for me to be honest," said I, with a smile.

"Nay, sir," said he, in sour disregard of my humor, "but—"

"At least we're friends, Simon," she said, "and I'm sure we're very well met, Lord Lansate." She laughed again. I looked up with a sudden suspicion. Was she playing me false? Was she a friend of Lansate?

"Why, you, he's reconciled to Arlington and Clifford, to his old rather their master by by. Now, there's a thing that the Duke of Monmouth and Buckingham will like to know. He suspects that that thing they have not told him. Shall I tell him, Mr. Dale? Shall I tell him, Mr. Dale?"

I had reached the door of the room and stood there, my hand on the latch of the threshold and stood there smiling. I had found out Frank Finch's secret, and Frank Gibbon. I knew that Buckingham must not know it. Yet I was not sure that I could tell him. I was not sure that I could, and she was sure enough if I were so lucky as to be her lover. Now, I was the more sure that I could not.

"Why, you speak of the King's religion?" she said, wonderingly.

I nodded, the secret was no surprise to me. I knew that the King and Duke of Buckingham were in it.

"And what does the Duke of Buckingham know?" I asked.

"Why, that the king sometimes listens to Father Huddleston, and that's all," she said, hand and smiling very wisely.

"Prodigious suspicious!" I cried. "You told him that, may be?"

She made a pert hearst it before my dot, Master Simon. Therefore, should the king ever ask me if I have told him, I can say that I have not told him. I shall not be asked, my hand, depicting the zest of adventure and the certainty of success.

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ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY HILDRED S. WARDEN.

We sat upon the steamer's deck,
Just you and I together,
In dreamful mood we idly sailed
Adrift in summer weather.

Then floated out from verdant shores
Where all the trees were bowed
With ivy long the south-wind woos
The wild magnolia proud.

From spicy woods a sweet love-song
Across the waves was wafted,
A tender, rapturous madrigal
The mocking-bird was singing;

The western sun's glow crimson'd gold,
With sunset's gorgeous glowing,
While you and I, in dreamful lull,
Upon the river's flowing.

The rippling waves were glory-crowned
From fading skies low-hanging—

Rare Orient hues and opal tints,
In most exquisite blending.

Enchanted I gazed upon the scene—
A savannah's mirth feeling
Thrilled my heart responsive
Into my mind came wonder.

The southern skies, the perfumed wind,
The flowers of golden hair,
And wild-bird-song sweet mingled wrought
Blissful, the spell of glowing.

Ah, rovers both were you and I
Who sailed that day
Our dreams that Nature's witcheries
Might not two hearts sunder.
And never a cross-word spoke.

But you and I will never
Forget those days of early June ere,
We sailed upon the river.

DRUMSHEUGH'S PRESENT.

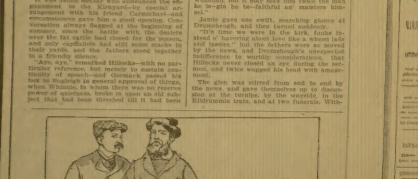
The Laird's Love for Miss Carnegie Stirred Up the Glen, but She Married the Free Kirk Minister.

By IAN MACLAREN.

(Copyright, 1897, by John Watson.)

It was Jamie Stobie who announced the engagement over the "Auld Brig." Jamie had the assignment with his friend Carmichael—and circumstances were his affair—because observation always lagged at the beginning of summer, since then, from the kirk, looks between the cattle had ceased for the season, and every confidence had until some months in their yards, and the fathers stood together in the market.

"Aye, you remarked Mistress Stobie, with no further reference, but merely to sustain conversation of speech—and Mistress Stobie had her English in general approved of things, when Whaups, to-day, there was no mistake power of quietness, broke in upon an old subject that had been thrashed till it had been



"Forty-three for the hale hypothec is my last word."

abandoned through despair at another grain of wheat.

"I mean look west, Lord Ilay' sees me at the moment the way," those time carriage passed the manse, "and I'm no sayin' but the gudgin' and the hotel-keeper will be pleased for aye at, an' she's nae the laist of him; it 'ill be a' excitation to the Muirtown folk, they herns mair than they need at the lodge."

"A' mean, was I tell ye, Drumsheugh's sel', and Hillocks passed over Whinnie's suggestion with a contempt that was not unmerited, "is no' for her the jist sel' specially, but in dress, an' the hoose, an' the gairden, an' the kine, an' the lodge it's a' new; an' the hale place 'ill be in a scrowge; no, no, he was clean bafflued wi' the lassie."

The Kirkyard yielded before such irresistible attraction, and the group broke up to discuss the mystery.

"A'm sure a wonder, nethers, gin the auld sair-fitt on drive the pipe through the garden-wa' to the new hoose, and no' a word to the wife, but she's nae the laist o' him; it 'ill be a surprise to the hale parish, and the herns mair than they need at the lodge."

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